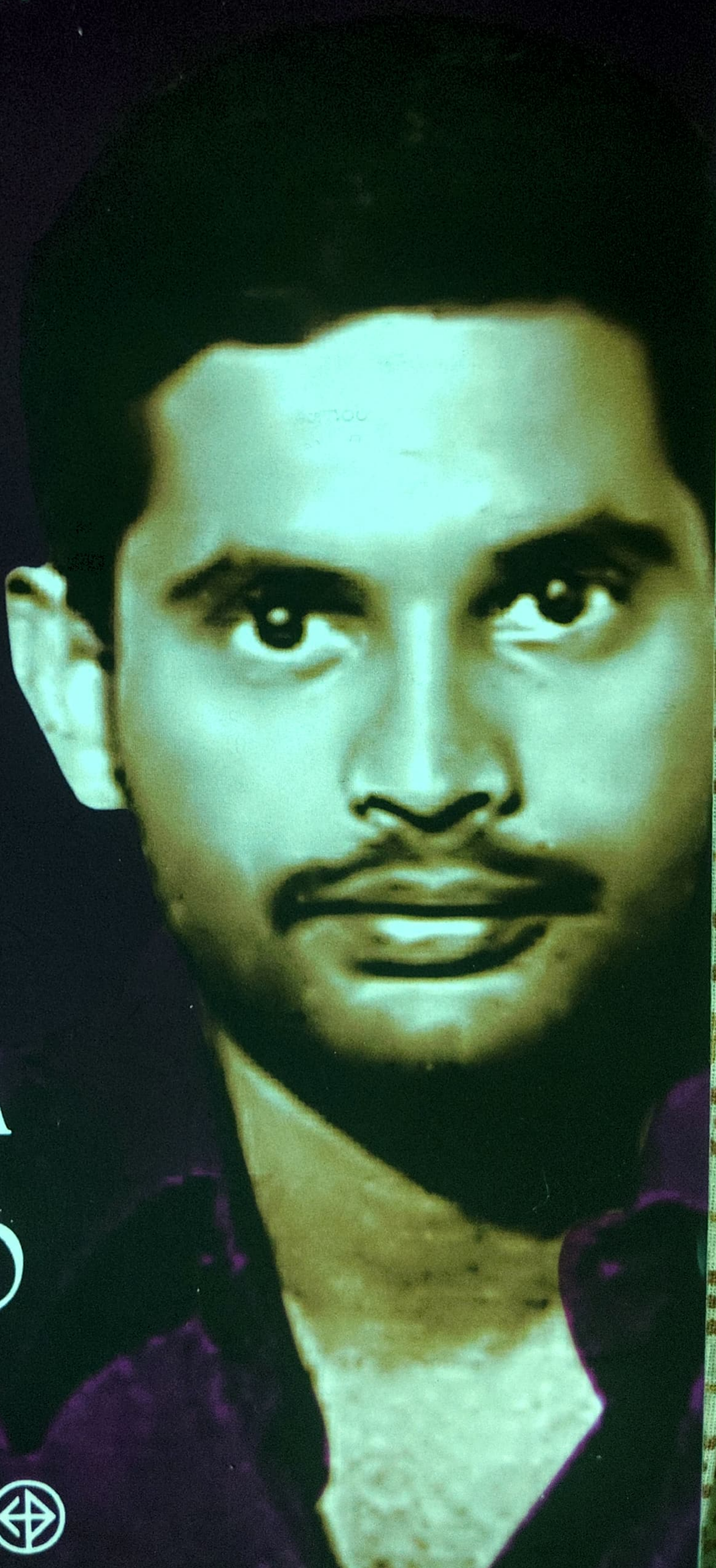
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
GEORGE REDDY



JEENA HAI TO MARNA SEEKHO

GITA RAMASWAMY

Jeena hai to marna seekho

The Life and Times of George Reddy

Gita Ramaswamy

Hyderabad Book Trust

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CONTENTS

Foreword by Asvini Kumar 5
Foreword by Cyril Reddy 13
The People around George 17
1 Introduction 26
2 A Hero Dies 34
3 To Hyderabad 44
4 Reggie 60
5 A period of introspection and learning 68
6 George the Activist 81
7. A rebel extraordinaire 102
Appendix 112
(Songs, photographs, ghazals and poems written by George, pamphlets, map, list of interviews, acknowledgements)

Foreword

This book is about the brief, penultimate five year period in the life of a sincere, brilliant and courageous student activist and militant. He flashed like an exploding star, soon to disappear into the night sky. He shone like a candle burning at its brightest before it finally goes out.

The protagonist is George Reddy, who initiated and waged an uncompromising and militant campaign against a political framework backed by feudal, criminal and bigoted religious cabals. It is now well known that a right wing student and youth gang buttressed by lumpen support did him to death in a dastardly fashion in broad daylight. The state watched with disinterest while the killers went unpunished.

The last five years of his life were shaped at a time of great churning in India and the world - the 1968 Paris student revolt, the national liberation struggle in Vietnam and the US anti war protests, the US military intrusions in Central America, the cropping up of dictatorial regimes in Asia, Africa, Latin America, the Palestine-Israel crisis in the Middle East, the rise of the Black Panthers in California in the context of the US Black Power movements, the killing of the charismatic Che Guevara, the Naxalbari peasant revolt and its reverberations – all these created heady days amongst the young, especially the student communities. Idealism went mainstream with strong expectations that radical social change was imminent.

The protagonist died about forty four years ago in the summer of 1972.

Since then the world has changed in irreversible ways that could not have been predicted by the best of oracles.

The geopolitical fallout arising out of the collapse of the former Soviet Union, the morphing of China into a authoritarian, exploitative state-led capitalist regime, ethnic conflicts leading to the dismemberment of the Balkans, large scale atrocities and genocides in Laos, Cambodia and Rwanda and Congo, the challenge to US hegemony by the newly emergent socialist regimes in Latin America, the meteoric rise and deadly effect of the militant forces of Islamic fundamentalism (notably, ISISL Daesh) – these are the massive tectonic forces that are reshaping and re-organizing the global stage.

Neo-liberalism seems to have upstaged all otherworld visions and is steadily advancing, based on the omnipotent power of global finance capital, the influence of international monetary institutions, formidable transnational management interests, networked worldwide supply chains and technological and military domination. It has funded and captured powerful media conglomerates that manufacture and shape our public opinion.

The inefficiency, corruption and consequent failure to deliver even the basic requirements of its citizens on the part of all hitherto incumbent governments so far, has only strengthened the case for the champions of market forces. In short, its cultural and intellectual hegemony has been established, as evidenced by the consent and collaboration of most countries of the world.

The monster of consumerism has been uncaged as evidenced by the overweening consumption culture all around us - mega shopping malls, multiple car ownership, expensive restaurants, integrated food courts and cineplexes, pub culture, merchandising of everything under the sun, etc. These primarily cater to the needs, appetites and tastes of the well-off upper and middle classes, while a significantly large section of the population lives in a shadow zone. One has to only walk down memory lane to the 1970s to see the utter truth of how India too has metamorphosed into a new beast, beyond recognition.

All this is further complicated by a new and unique challenge, hitherto unrecognized. The scope, scale and catastrophic impact of the degradation of the environment due to greenhouse gas emissions generated by uncontrolled use of fossil fuels, a high level of pollution of land, sea and rivers, due to excessive mining, logging, unplanned industrial growth and a too-rapid urbanization rate. Some would also add the risks of the growth in world population to alarming levels. The carrying capacity of the planet being stretched to its limits and its very capacity to survive is at immediate risk. Here, the western capitalist governments, the former Soviet Union, China, India, alongwith all developing countries are all equally at fault. As of now there is no intent being demonstrated to grapple with this phenomenon in a serious manner.

Looking back at our own republic, it is clear that the euphoria, energies, plans and ideas during the first decade, the Nehruvian years, gave way to two subsequent decades of the subversion of democratic processes through a combination of populism combined with a gross misuse of state power by the Congress party led by Indira Gandhi. A further decade of divisive and venal politics left the republic economically depleted and politically exhausted and drove it, in the last two decades, straight into the waiting arms of international finance cartels with their agenda for total global domination.

All through this period there was a steady increase in the reach and influence of the Hindu Nationalist agenda and its fanatic variant, Hindutva. The Sangh Parivar (consisting of the RSS and its front and satellite organizations) has patiently and strategically used every means available to penetrate the polity and the organs and institutions of government. This fuelled their rise from a marginal force during the 1970s to a second stint in the corridors of power in 2014 (the first was in 1999).

In its current avatar, the BJP has legitimized itself using the flawed electoral system (democratically elected by 31% of the voters !!) to gain control of the state and its resources at a national level. The irony of the situation is that of an RSS pracharak, widely accused of human rights violations, becoming the duly elected prime minister of India. The Hindu democrats have emerged victorious and maneuvered themselves into a 'pole' position. Their hegemony is now complete. The social democrats are nowhere in sight to offer resistance, leave alone being in a position to mount a credible challenge.

But we should not fail to recognize that this spectacular rise has been aided by the lawless behavior of our own ruling elites and various political formations in the past four to five decades. Thanks to their conspiracies, marauding and corruption, the republic lies wrecked today, drained of its vitality, dashed on the rocks of crony capitalism, a criminalized polity, pathetically ineffective institutions, and a population tricked, ensnared and entangled in a complex web of divisive agendas.

Coupled with this is the inability of the Left and democratic forces to forge unity and provide a voice and leadership to the people and their struggles and aspirations and dreams. A majority of India's population has been largely untouched and outside their sphere of influence, due to their failure to take cognizance of the unique historical, cultural, social and religious factors that determine political outcomes. They have 'progressively' climbed down from weakness to weakness, steadily losing whatever political support they had till today, they are no longer a force to reckon with, even at a provincial level. This, in spite of the fact that thousands, mainly young, people, sacrificed their lives, in Left militant movements over these decades, crushed by the armed might of the state.

While social and economic indicators which are calibrated and measured in numbers, indexes and statistics, make us quite ashamed, a more subtle and cancerous degeneration is inexorably gnawing away at our country's vitals. Yes, we should certainly work towards eliminating poverty and hunger, create jobs for the poor, have universal free education and provide access to decent health care for all. But let us also recognize that a new beast is at work – emasculating freedom of expression, muzzling civil liberties, sterilizing the intellectual class, manufacturing opinion, appropriating public goods for private gain, stamping out spaces for public discourse. Consider the following : rationalist writers have been shot dead at point blank range in broad daylight, terrorizing of people with different food habits (a person suspected to have "beef" at home was lynched) is now occurringwith regularity, jingoism and hate campaigns in sports arenas are encouraged, direct and subtle intimidation of public intellectuals, artistes, filmmakers and authors is mainstream now, emasculation of NGOs and independent civil society organizations, banning books and films, vandalizing research institutions, re-writing history books, moral policing, rising crimes against women ... all this has created an atmosphere of fear in the country.

The "new security state" is in the making justified with the "technology for better governance" formulation. The paradox is that the poorer classes have been extending their support to this beast, albeit in ignorance, imagining their interests to be aligned with such an agenda.

We need to carefully study and understand the 'nature of this beast' – the interests behind it, its modus operandi, its food chain, its coercive apparatus and most importantly, its proficiency and skills at cultural propaganda and its ability to completely capture the "superstructure ". Witness how the Hindutva campaign has rushed in to fill the cultural vacuum carelessly left unfilled by democratic forces, coopting broad sections of our people using conventional and social media blitzkriegs, soothsayers, fakirs, saints, 'babas', spiritual gurus, moral police, cults, jingoism, ubiquitous Bollywood style entertainment and non-stop spectator sports as opiates and many other cunning forms and subtle messaging.

It is remarkable, looking back at George Reddy's life, that we find that he exemplified all the qualities that are necessary, desirable and essential in any young leader who wishes to counter this insidious and dangerous cultural onslaught that seeks to disorient and daze us into complicity with the establishment and supporting the status quo. He clearly recognized the need to effectively combat the decadent and byzantine 'superstructure' deployed so effectively by the state, and the need to establish a 'counter-hegemony'.

It has been very painful and excruciating to write these words in the backdrop of today's India, yet I have undertaken to do so, hoping to echo similar sentiments among all the other friends and contemporaries of George Reddy, who in those days participated in struggles, fought alongside him, striving for a just and equitable order of society.

The atmosphere in the decades since his death, has been unbearable and truly dispiriting for democratic forces. What was once the situation that George Reddy faced, is now confronting the people and country as a whole, whether people recognize it or not. The ground level situation seems to be bleak and hurtling towards hopelessness.

Looking at the generations of students that followed him, we can imagine George, gesticulating from his grave and crying out, "*Je Accuse*" (to re-context the famous words of Emile Zola).

"I accuse you all of inaction, apathy, dis-engagement and selfishness, of sitting on your haunches and watching the world go by, of accepting this mediocrity and rapacity around you, of abandoning your social conscience and intellectual integrity,of forgetting the good old themes – *Liberte', Egalite', Fraternite'*. Awake, you people, it is time to forge a new unity and formulate a fresh paradigm that will give voice to the people's true aspirations. "

The Hyderabad Book Trust has to be commended on bringing out this book by Gita Ramaswamy who has researched and put this together. It serves to record one beautiful and important fragment, however small, of the history of the 1970s.

I hope it inspires the younger readers, especially students, and instills in them a desire to seek a new and vibrant activism aimed at building a viable, fair, alternative political economy of, for and by the people of India. I hope they will be roused from their inertia to reclaim his dream and make it their own. For it is only in this way that they can play their role as midwife to herald the arrival of a "New Republic" which from its womb, seems to be crying, kicking and screaming – " Oh please, get me out, make me come alive ."

Asvini Kumar

Foreword

It is now 43 years since George was killed and 69 years since he was born. For me, George was more of a guardian (mother, father and brother – all in one) and friend rather than a brother alone. From 1956, when I was 8 eight years old and sent to the hostel at Thangassery, Quilon, to study, till I passed PUC in 1965 from Nizam College, Hyderabad, he was my companion and protector. I did not like, and would not make friends with ordinary people, but would try to become friends with people who were small heroes in the school. The result was that there were clashes if they did not want to make friends with me and teased me. George would always protect me. It was only after PUC that I stopped depending on George and began creating my own circle of friends and my own group. Now it was my turn to fight with those who tried to deceive or hurt him, taking advantage of his innocence and his open and transparent nature. But then, if the other side was stronger, he would come to my rescue.

George abhorred Hindutva and Brahminism. This was not due to his having read Ambedkar, Phule or Periyar, but arose out of his own life experiences where he witnessed the treatment meted out to my mother and our family by her husband and husband's family and relatives. George had two close Dalit friends from PUC onwards (1963) - Pratap and Hari, both of whom continued to be his friends and who were in contact with him till he was murdered. To the best of my knowledge they never mentioned Ambedkar to him nor gave him any of Ambedkar's writings to read. Even Dalit OU employees and their children, among whom George mobilised, never gave him anything about Ambedkar to read. George's political interests developed on seeing the mass student mobilization of the Telangana movement in 1969 and reading about the Naxalbari and Srikakulam movements. It was then that he started reading Marxism and mobilising students and employees on the campus. He also developed gradual contact with Left intellectuals like K.V. Raghunath Reddy, Justice O. Chinnappa Reddy and others who gave him books by Western revolutionaries like Che Guevara and Frantz Fanon; they never gave him Ambedkarite literature. Among students there were a few who had connections with the Nagi Reddy branch of revolutionary politics and poets like Cherabanda Raja and Jwalamukhi, who also never mentioned Ambedkar, either out of ignorance, or believing him to be irrelevant.

But now, looking back at the past 43 years and thinking of my experience of working with Dalits and reading a little of Ambedkar, I feel that Hindutva and Brahminism are the worst enemies of people. If social, political and economic change has to take place in India, Brahminism has to be defeated in its entirety. Ambedkar's ideology was the outcome of his personal experience and his deep study of the Hindu scriptures and social conditions, whereas for George, it was an unconscious response based on his personal life and the brutal attacks by Hindutva forces on youth who wanted to fight for social change.

It is obvious that today, Hindutva and Brahminical forces have gained extraordinary ground throughout India and consolidated themselves while forces fighting for the people, be they Marxist-Leninists or Ambedkarites, have lost ground and are disintegrating, despite the sacrifices of life by revolutionaries like Jampala Prasad, Madhusudan Raj Yadav and Janardhan, with George among them, and also the sacrifices of Dalits like Bojja Tharakam. Many Leftist and Dalit individuals and groups have become members of Hindutva parties or are working closely with them through ruling class parties. The irony is that while Hindutva forces are consolidating under a single huge banner, Ambedkarite and Marxist organisations are splitting. Ambedkarite organisations cannot unite to form a single group, nor can Marxist-Leninist groups. Even less possible is the possibility of Marxist-Leninist groups and Ambedkarite groups coming together, even for a common programme. Why is this so?

My feeling is that Marx and Ambedkar have been kept in separate compartments by people; those who speak of Marxism, brush aside Ambedkar, and those who follow Ambedkar are contemptuous of Marxism. Ambedkarism or Marxism, by themselves alone cannot lead and develop people's struggles in the complex conditions that are present in India. A Marxist has to read Ambedkar to understand the complex social structure that is India, and an Ambedkarite has to read Marx to develop a world-wide vision to unite all poor and backward social forces. Any people's force or movement will have to, from the very beginning, confront the forces of Hindutva and Brahminism in a decisive battle.

Cyril Reddy

People Around George

School/BSC days

1 Vijay Arjun Patel	Marri Vijay Arjun Patel (1947-2012) studied high school and PUC with George, went on to study medicine to become a doctor and work in the Andhra Pradesh public health system
2 Ramnath Iyer	College-mate of George, later to become a chartered accountant in Hyderabad
3 Prathap Pothluri	College-mate of George, studied medicine and migrated to the US where he works as a doctor
4 Hari	College mate of George
5 Devender Misra	Studied B.Sc on the OU campus, was a keen gym enthusiast and retired from the Survey of India
6 Prathap Reddy	Student of Nizam college, later Gandhi Medical College, a contemporary of

	George, associated at that time with the student Left movement, went on to become a prominent physician in Hyderabad and political worker
7 Satyanarayana	YB Satyanarayana, a contemporary of George at Nizam college, retired as Principal of Dharmavanth College, and author of *My Father Balaiah*

OU Engg. College

8 Javeed Mirza	OU Engg college student, supporter and admirer of George Reddy, migrated to the US
9 Mahipal Reddy	Engineering college student, contemporary of George and a key fighter in his group
10 Yadigiri Rao	Engineering college student, contemporary of George and his follower; drowned in 1972 at Nagarjunasagar
11 Srikrishnan Ramamurthy	Engineering college student, contemporary of George and his admirer

12 Kura Rajendar	Also known as Rajaiah, Engineering college student, contemporary of George and his follower, later to head a prominent faction in the AP armed revolutionary movement
13 Sailoo	OU Engineering college student, prosecution witness in the murder case of George Reddy
14 Chandrashekar	Prasad, known as Jampala, Engineering college student, contemporary of George and his follower, organised the PDSU as the student wing of the Chandra Pulla Reddy group, 'encountered' in 1975
15 Damodar Dev	Engineering college student, contemporary of George and his follower
16 Narayan Raju	Engineering college student, scion of a business family and a neighbour of George. His car was often used by Engineering college supporters of George

17 Tammareddy Bharadwaj	Engineering college student, contemporary of George, later to become a Telugu cine director
OU Science college	
18 Vijay Kulkarni	One of George's closest friends, did two post-graduate courses in Osmania University, was active in George's student group, worked in Delhi for a period before settling down in Dharwar, Karnataka
19 Sridharmurthy	Student of M Sc. Geology, a close friend of George and his choice for President in the OU Science College elections, went on to teach Geology in OU, and practices as a consultant now.
20 Asvini Kumar	OU Science college student during George's days, supporter and admirer of George Reddy, author of *Banda Canteen Broadcasts*
21 Venkatramani N	OU Science college student during George's days. He was also earlier in AV

	college where George taught as a Physics lecturer, migrated abroad
22 Datta A.R.	A student of MSc. Statistics, contemporary of George and his admirer
23 Ashok Bhatnagar	A student of MSc. Astronomy, contemporary of George and his admirer
24 Burgula Pradeep Kumar	OU Science college student during George's days and who later came to play a leading role in the Chandra Pulla Reddy faction of the CPI(ML) and PDSU.

Others in OU

25 Srinath Reddy	Contemporary of George, medical student in OMC, of staunch socialist views, now a leading public health advocate
26 Mala Pasha	BA student in O.U. Arts College from 1970-73, admirer of George Reddy
27 Rajari	Student of B.Tech, follower of George and resident of the OU bastis, who went on to organize the bastis

28 Rahman Sharief	Lab assistant who was closely associated with George as his scout, man Friday and odd job man.
29 Sreedhar Reddy	Youth Congress leader, also a prominent leader of the 1969 Telengana students' agitation
30 Chalapati Rao	Engineering College student and Joint Secy of the JNTU students union, closely associated with OU Engineering college group through the George Reddy group anti right wing election panels

Others

31 Sultan	A roadside stall owner and seller of used books in the Koti bus stand area. Well wisher of George
32 Iqbal	A petty pan shopkeeper in Sultan Bazaar and well wisher of George
33 P.K.Murthy	A functionary of a left revolutionary party who discussed and interacted with George in Hyderabad

The Opposition

34 Vidyasagar Rao	Prominent ABVP leader during George's period and later Central Home Minister in the NDA govt, present Governor of Maharashtra
35 Lakhan Singh	The first student from the Lodha community (in Dhulpet) to study engineering. The Lodhas took great pride in him. They rallied naturally behind the RSS in the campus and served as the musclemen for the RSS
36 Surdas Reddy	Prominent ABVP leader, contemporary of George, his bete noire, chief antagonist, and one of the prime accused in the George Reddy murder case, later to become an advocate
37 Narsimha Reddy	ABVP leader and follower of Narayan Das. Known during his student days for his bullying ways and misogynist outlook
38 Narayan Das	RSS functionary during George's period. A full time

	RSS pracharak. Dressed in kurta pajama and a vermillion tilak on his forehead, Narayan Das attracted students with his simple attire, dress and persuasiveness
39 Fathu Singh	A muscleman from the Dhulpet area of Hyderabad and accused in the murder case
40 Satyanarayana	Law college student, ABVP leader and participant in campus fights. He wounded Yadgiri in one of the skirmishes in OU

Family members

Father	Challa Raghunatha Reddy
Mother	Leila Reddy Vurghese
Uncle	Father's younger brother CK Narayan Reddy who was active in the Communist movement
Elder brother	Karl Reddy, studied in Arts and Science College, Secunderabad, and worked in the IAS; died in 2016.

Elder sister	Dawn (Gypsy) Das, worked as a teacher, set up her own school in Jeypore, Odisha
Elder sister	Joy Reddy, studied MA Linguistics in Osmania University and worked in CIIL Mysore; now living in Mysore
Younger brother	Cyril Reddy student leader, OU Engg college, later joined the Chandra Pulla Reddy faction of the CPI (ML), died in 2016.

1

Introduction

I have never known or met George Reddy myself. He was killed in April 1972, murdered by right wing forces, and rested peacefully in his grave, before I got involved with the Left student movement in Osmania University. Yet circumstances have conspired to draw me into the project of getting this book to see the light of day.

Here is how it came about.

Born into a family of five daughters, raised on the dictum that 'girls were terribly disadvantaged and that education and employment was their only way to get ahead in life', I joined the graduate science course in Osmania University. The freedom that comes with pursuing a graduate degree education on the Osmania University campus brought me into contact with diverse student and youth groups.

In a campus atmosphere pervaded by feudal attitudes, sectarianism and petty politics, the George Reddy group stood out, successfully challenging the entrenched right-wing mafia, their control over the university and colleges administration, conduct of examinations, stranglehold over student hostels. It attracted to its fold, a cross section of students, women and Dalits too among them. Growing by leaps and bounds, in a very short period of time, it had created an atmosphere of dissent that set the stage for the emergence of a Left revolutionary student movement in the OU campus.

While still a predominantly male group on campus, it acknowledged and treated women as equals. This is what brought me into closer contact and engagement with them, and in the early half of 1972, I along with many others, entered the fold of the OU student Left movement. It was clearly a Marxist Leninist movement and I was swept into the vortex of this hurricane, this irresistible current. We were passionately involved in creating a revolution that appeared to be just round the corner. I was imbued with a new ideal which inflamed my soul – to change the world into a caring, just and equitable one.

It was also a period of great ferment and change all over the globe triggered by democratic social and political movements that would alter the world in ways that we are just beginning to comprehend today. Equity and justice was the clarion call and the struggles of race and gender were to transform an entire generation. Students worldwide, who were at the forefront of this change, understood that it was not enough to just reject dogma and received truth, to question and think for ourselves, but also to act on this thinking.

Today, forty two years later, those ideals have not changed, but now that I am no longer in the thick of political activity, there is time to look back and ponder over the finer details that were overlooked in the tearing hurry to change the world. Why did we move in the direction we did at that time? What unknown wellsprings brought forth that first flush of radicalism, the dedication, clarity of purpose, the commitment to struggle against odds, the courage to turn back on a promising career and tread a difficult path? What significance does it hold for the students and youth of today?

Somehow I felt that George Reddy was at the centre of this question.

Quite unexpectedly, there was a sudden surge of interest in George Reddy, nearly four decades after his death. Towards the end of 2011, Avinash Conda, a young man from Hyderabad who was starting a new life as part of the US diaspora, wrote a short piece about George in his blog[1], drawing upon the inspiring accounts about George which were narrated by his father. At about the same time, my daughter who was in her first year of college asked me why I had joined the Marxist Leninist movement, and was curious about what it was like in those days. I wrote a long essay for her and she was so thrilled to read it that I felt that I needed to write something more to share with her.

Shortly afterwards, in early 2012, came Asvini's long commemorative essay on George Reddy, titled ''Banda Canteen Broadcasts', which was released during the occasion of the commemoration of George's 40th death anniversary in April 2012. The latter was a broad based well attended meeting organized under the aegis of "Friends of George Reddy " and it provided a platform to persons who had met George and who could share their remembrances.

Finally, when Javeed suggested that we put together a book with essays from George's friends, associates, peers, the idea for this book took concrete shape in my mind.

To recall the events of 1972, George was killed in April 1972 just before I got involved with the ML student movement. In all those subsequent years when I moved around with his friends and associates, no one reminisced about him – names, places, events, anecdotes, discussions, likes and dislikes were rarely, if ever, mentioned. Perhaps, we had no sense of him, nor even a great eagerness to know, because for us, subsumed by the atmosphere of revolution, the individual faded into the background. The revolution was more clearly and easily the top priority.

Even though I have been married to his brother Cyril for nearly four decades, he rarely mentioned George, and only once, and that too when he was angered by my rashness and commented, 'That was why George had to die too.' His siblings too, though I came to know them well, never mentioned him. On hindsight, this seems remarkable – that they would not and did not want to speak about their brilliant and extraordinary brother, whose tragic death at a young age must surely have been anguishing and painful discontinuity for them.

George died very young – he was barely twenty five years old. There was no magnum opus of work left behind by him to study, understand and interpret. No documentary sources were available, what he wrote has not been preserved, except for a couple of poems and ghazals lovingly preserved by a school and college friend, Patel.

But there were many school and college friends and later associates from the student movement who were willing to share their memories and I set about gathering their recollections and anecdotes. I began interviewing people who knew him, people who knew of him, and perceptive people who had an understanding of those times. The few I could not meet directly were interviewed on telephone and email. I interviewed his relatives and some of these interviews were painful because the grief it opened up was intense.

To dredge into a deep pain buried forty years earlier was not easy for most people. I watched several elderly men sob helplessly during the interviews. Every time I wished that there were more women to recall and speak about George, because men are often less communicative than women. I was also not part of any of the buddy drinking groups, where I am told, men tend to be less inhibited and more talkative.

Although I knew the OU campus like the back of my hand, I went on repeated campus visits, retracing George's steps. Visiting the library, the canteens, the hostels, the bus stands, to attempt and see the world through George's eyes .... While putting all this together, I realized that George Reddy was a complex multifaceted personality, not to be easily captured on paper.

To his schoolmates he was a bright student and a quick learner, an avid reader, library goer, film buff, and amateur poet. He had a rebellious and questioning nature, was defiant, and refused to be bullied.

His college friends saw him as stubborn, pig-headed, a devil's advocate, uncompromising. He was a teetotaler, a loner, not a foodie, not a girl's man. He trained himself in boxing but had no other sporting interests. Academics came easily to him.

To his university M.Sc colleagues he was a brilliant self-taught budding physicist and a good physics teacher. He was described as disciplined, determined and persistent. He was a steadfast friend and protector, courageous, adventurous and bold. He was seen as empathetic to the poor, always extending a helping hand to them.

To his teachers and professors, he was a student of outstanding potential, who turned his back on an excellent international scientific career, for reasons they could not fathom.

To those who were associated with him in the Left student movement, he was a militant revolutionary thinker, charismatic leader, compelling conversationalist, challenging the corrupt status quo. An idealist and dreamer who led a frugal, spartan life, he was a comrade in arms with a heightened sense of fellowship.

However, we should remember that those opposed to him, especially the right wingers and the established power centers, always tried to portray him as a lumpen element, a mere goonda, a rowdy or at best, an "unprincipled anarchist".

George had many compartments in his life. He was equally comfortable with subalterns as well as members of the upper classes and the elite. He was at home among students, some of whom would later become sportsmen, scholars, or politicians.

He was an intensely private man and never spoke about his background, personal dilemnas or pain. To his contemporaries, his life – except his last three years – was an enigma.

Through this book I have tried to reconstruct the persona of George Reddy as it evolved through his school, college and university life - how the young Reggie[2] metamorphosed by stages (angry youth, pugilist, fighter, militant activist, committed revolutionary) into the charismatic George Reddy, whose death catalyzed the revolutionary movement in Andhra Pradesh.

Lastly, by writing about George, I also wanted to create a written record, however patchy, of some aspects of our student days and times - and through this, to give the younger generations after us, a glimpse into the dreams, the frustrations, the pains and hurts of those years.

Srinath Reddy recalls George well:

> *"I remember George today as a brilliant mind, a warm friend and a committed warrior for a cause that was common to many of us but with a level of courage which marked him above the rest. I wish he had not sacrificed a life which had so much to offer, in an avoidable encounter with goons who were no match to him in courage or character, in intellect or integrity..... Above all, I wish George was among us today, to show (today's) India what leadership is all about."*

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[1] Blog reference *avinashconda.blogspot.com*

[2] Pet name of George, his family always called him Reggie

A HERO DIES

At about 4 pm in the evening on Friday, April 14, 1972, George Reddy walked down from the OU library, greeting a few friends, as he made his way down the short cut past Law College, bypassing Arts College, to the area where the old Geophysics Department was located. Wearing a striped black and brown shirt, blue jeans, a dark brown wide leather belt and his trademark Hawaii chappals, he also had a knuckleduster in the back pockets of his jeans and a small knife tucked into his underwear and strapped to his waist by the belt. There he met Sridharmurthy and others playing badminton.

Hello, yaar! called out Sridharmurthy. Stop by for a game?

Nai, bhai, I must go to Engineering College. There are elections tomorrow and I must find out if all

arrangements have been made. Rowdies from Dhulpet have settled down in Engineering hostel 1, he said.

Why are you going alone then, Sridharmurthy asked.

There are policemen there, nothing will happen, he replied.

Elections were to be held for the student's union of the Osmania University Engineering College on April 15th, 1972 and the groups were ranged against each other. Elections to the college were indirect. One had to be first elected as a class representative and only then was eligible to contest for an executive post, to be elected by the class representatives.

The Akhil Bharat Vidyarthi Parishad (ABVP, the student wing of the then Jana Sangh, now BJP) had propped up and nominated Lakhan Singh[1], a small man but very fast and energetic, who was able to assemble thugs and bring them into the campus to intimidate the George Reddy group. The hired musclemen entered the college, drinking liquor, eating pan, spitting and strutting about here and there, a couple of weeks before the polls.

On April 7th, George, on a visit to Daya Seth's[2] canteen in Engineering College, recognised the people who had launched a murderous attack on him earlier in February 1972. He asked Sailoo to accompany him to Engineering hostel 1. They walked through the corridors and returned. There were only about five or six outsiders at that time, probably since the elections were still a week away. On the morning of April 14, 1972, George's brother Cyril gave a petition to the Vice Chancellor and Principal of the Engineering College that hoodlums were staying in Hostel 1[3], Engineering College. There was a fair-sized police camp near the hostel 1 entrance. This was no small camp. It consisted of one civilian head constable, one assistant sub inspector, one head constable, and 11 constables (armed police). A considerable force to deal with any disorder, it seemed. Even the hostel warden who was asked to report on the presence of outsiders felt that it was not necessary to do so in view of the police picket. Hostel 1 was a bastion for the ABVP group, while the George Reddy group functioned mainly from Engineering college hostel 3 and Daya Seth's canteen in the cellar of the college.

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[1] Lakhan was a member of the Lodha community from Dhulpet which was, in those days , involved in brewing illicit liquor. It was also reputed for its ability to provide "dadas" to those who needed it and could afford it.

[3] As you walk towards Engineering College from Arts College, you see a large cellar with a huge grill-front under Engineering college. This used to be Daya Seth's canteen, the canteen that got its name from its owner Daya Seth who dispensed tea, *samosas* and biscuits. This was the nerve centre of Engineering College, where friendship and enmity was determined, woes were poured out, issues resolved and the culture of the college determined.

On the evening of April 14, 1972, George dropped by first at Daya Seth canteen. None of the key members of George's group – Cyril, Rajaiah, Yadgiri and Mahipal - were there. Sailoo and Javeed Mirza, both Engineering College students who were sitting there told George that Cyril would return soon. As George sat down in the canteen, Rameshchandra Reddy who was elected for the joint secretary's post in the previous election on George's panel entered along with Gopinath who was contesting as class representative. They had come on a scooter. An anxious looking Ramesh called George aside and talked to him. George got up without a second thought and sat on the scooter. He told Sailoo and Javeed, "I'll be back in five minutes, wait for me!" It turned out to be a fateful decision. He had no inkling that he had only a few more moments of life left.

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[3] Hostel 1 was a bastion for the ABVP group, while the George Reddy group functioned mainly from Engineering college hostel 3 and Daya Seth's canteen in the cellar of the college.

They left for Engineering hostel 1, all three riding on the scooter, Ramesh driving it, Gopinath in the middle and George in the rear. Not that George did not know about the thugs. He had met Tammareddy Bharadwaj in the noon that day and told him not to move around hostel 1 without Cyril. George would not follow for himself the advice he gave Bharadwaj. He was not one to move away from a challenge.

A posse of armed policemen was by the entrance of the hostel. Who would dare attack him with these policemen around in broad daylight? Or is it that in the face of a challenge, he wouldn't think rationally, and adrenalin rushing, slip into bravado? Or had Ramesh told him something that would challenge him and bring out the daredevil in him? The distance from Engineering College to hostel 1 is about 250-300 yards. The old walkway from Engineering College through the labs used to arrive at one of the side entrances to the hostel, facing the north. If you came by bike, you arrived at the main west facing entrance. The old hostel itself is an L shaped building[4].

The police outpost stationed there on April 14, 1972, was diagonally opposite the main entrance facing the west, about 25 feet away from it. The hostel itself marked the southern boundary of the campus. (Today, there is a huge wall, preventing exit or entry from here). Not very far away, maybe two hundred yards to the south west was George's house in Durgabai Deshmukh colony, part of Adikmet.

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[4] If you go there today, there is a regular tarred road which points you to Kinnera hostel, its new name. Now, new blocks have been added, and the L is not as distinctive as it was earlier.

George slid off the back of the scooter easily and walked rapidly towards the main entrance of the hostel. He glanced briefly at the room to his right outside the hostel – the policemen, maybe fifteen feet away from the main entrance, were there; some lying down, others lounging around smoking bidis. One policeman lay on his back, his head on his outstretched elbow, cleaning his nose and looking at his snot reflectively. George smiled and walked on.

As he ran up the four steps, they came onto him silently, emerging from the rooms nearby, their long knives held taut in their hands. They had probably heard the scooter from a distance that quiet summer's noon, watched him and waited for him. In that split second, George knew he had walked into a trap. The nose- picking, bidi-smoking policemen would not stir, he knew this now. He had no one to cover his back. He could not see, he dared not turn around, but he heard Ramesh and Gopi fleeing away on the scooter which had brought him. Of course, he could turn back and run, but he would never do that.

As he balanced himself in the wrestler's position of defence - knees bent, back angled slightly, head up, weight on the balls of his feet, and hands out in front, the adrenalin coursing through his veins, he thought, 'I may die, but I will take one of these bastards with me.'

He also smelled liquor on their breaths and thought that he had a fair chance as some of them would be drunk. He had no chance to do so. They were circling him now; the first knife plunged into his kidney from behind, the attacker behind him. As he whirled around, a second plunged into his abdomen. Blood spurting from the wounds, he staggered, and the knives now plunged into him with abandon, into the buttocks, and then into his heart. He lay drenched in his blood on the steps, his killers calling each other to get to the car waiting for them.

'Chal, bey! Bhag! Jaldi bhag!' shouted a policeman. A few students who poked their heads out of their rooms to see what the commotion was, hastily shut their doors again. Who wanted to be a martyr? He lay drenched in blood on the steps of the hostel. In the bright daylight, the red of the blood seemed fluorescent, surrealistic, as if a can of paint had spilt on the floor. There were two more hours for sunset on this summer evening.

Ramesh and Gopi fled to Arts College. On the way, they stopped by at Daya Seth's canteen where they told Sailoo and Javed that George had been attacked. They had completed the whole journey from Daya Seth's canteen and back in barely five minutes. Sailoo and Javeed ran to hostel 1 to find George lying near the steps. The posse of policemen present there just looked on and not only had they done nothing to prevent the attack, they made no attempt to get medical help for the dying man. Javeed ran cross-country towards the Vice Chancellor's lodge to inform officials and bring help. Meanwhile, Shravan and Kishan had also reached there. They had been in the lab nearby and heard the news. They tried to bring George to the road, stopped a car, took it to the hostel, lifted the already dead George and put him into the vehicle. The body was warm, but George was dead. Shravan saw Cyril running towards the hostel, picked him up and all three went to Gandhi hospital.

Cyril's thoughts were racing, Why had George gone alone? If any of his group was with the young man, this would not have happened. He was an ace boxer, a champion fighter, he only needed protection from behind, he could tackle any number of attackers if his back was protected.

News of the attack spread like lightning. From Gandhi medical hospital, the body was taken to Osmania medical hospital where the post-mortem was done late in the night, police fearing to have it done by day. The milling, grieving students were not allowed near the body all evening and night. They were surrounded by a big police force. The mood was tense and one angry student snatched the name plate from the chest of an ACP, and another police officer's cap went flying.

Early next morning, George's eldest brother Karl Reddy was returning to Hyderabad on leave. After he had left for north India to work in 1967, this was only his third trip home in the space of five years. He looked forward to a long holiday and catching up with his siblings and mother. As the auto rickshaw carrying him from the railway station entered the compound, the ambulance carrying his brother's dead body jostled with it for space. He saw his brother's dead body covered in a sheet, pulled out on a stretcher. Inside the house were his stunned family, his mother, his sister Joy and a silent Cyril, and several friends.

There was a spontaneous outpouring from students. Hundreds of students - boys and girls, faculty and friends, employees and workers, came to the house to grieve. Not far behind were the politicians, former chief ministers, present ministers, MLAs, and officials of the university. The Chief Minister PV Narsimha Rao visited the house on April 18 after his return from Delhi. As government realised the depth of outrage among the students, it reacted swiftly to assuage their anger. A sub-inspector, a head constable and nine constables of the Armed Reserve Police were suspended for alleged inaction and negligence.

Late in the afternoon of April 15, the students took the body in a procession from Vidyanagar via Barkatpura to the cemetery near the YMCA Narayanguda. Thronging with students, some running, the girls walking more decorously, many students wiping their tears, there were some two thousand people in the procession, and the atmosphere was charged with emotion. The students wore black badges; some held placards and most raised slogans.

Jeena hai to marna seekho, kadam kadam
par ladna seekho
Police - RSS alliance down down.
George Reddy amar rahe

Har zor zulum ke takkar mein, sangharsh
hamara naara hai
(Learn to battle at every step, learn to die if
you want to live
Down with the police-RSS alliance
Long live George Reddy
Struggle is our clarion cry against every force
or oppression)

Despite a huge police force surrounding them, there was tension. When the procession reached Keshav Nilayam, the RSS headquarters at Barkatpura on the way, emotions ran high. Inmates of Keshav Nilayam threw stones at the processionists and some students climbed the walls. Though some police officers took out their revolvers, anything could have happened if there was no restraint on the students' part. This was not the time for revenge. George had to be laid to rest first.

The murder of George Reddy on that summer's evening of April 14, 1972, when he was merely twenty five years, was to have wide ramifications. The lives of his family were shattered. His mother Leila, barely fifty six years old, was to die of grief within a few months. Yet, George's death was also to change the contours of the student movement in Osmania University, and thereby, the contours of the radical movement in Telangana and Andhra Pradesh. The right wing combine was to be nearly wiped out in the following years. The unprecedented response from the student community around him stunned many. George was known to be popular and have a small student following, but the magnitude of the response was totally unexpected. His close supporters gave up their studies and their careers and began committing themselves to upholding the politics for which he had lived and for which he had been killed. They took it upon themselves to travel forward on the path George had just begun to chart for himself.

Who was George Reddy? He was no iconic film star. He had written no magnum opus, nor won a national or international title. He had no dynastic standing, nor was he in any political party. Born in Kerala, raised in Chennai, he had been in Andhra Pradesh for barely ten years. Rarely had he more than small change in his pocket at any time, and though he was neatly dressed, he had but two or three pairs of clothes. Yet, hundreds of students here who had not known George, both boys and girls like myself, were drawn into the new movement. Our lives changed beyond comprehension.

Chapter Two

TO HYDERABAD

George Reddy came to Hyderabad in 1962. He and his brother Cyril joined in St Paul's High School, George in class 10 and Cyril in class 9. Much of George's recorded history begins from here with close friendships forming with different people. His earliest friends here were Patel (Marri Vijay Arjun Patel) and Ramnath. They remember him as a quiet boy who spoke only English while the students in that school spoke mostly Deccani Urdu. He was a bright student who put in relatively less efforts at studies, but was easily among the top scorers in class.

Patel recalls, "George did not know Hindi, Urdu or Telugu, only English and Malayalam. A student in his class used vulgar language to abuse George. George thought, 'They are making fun of me because I do not know the language.' In two months, he learnt Hindi/Urdu and topped the Higher Secondary exam in the language within two years". Ramnath recalls, "George was a normal student with normal interests. He had a Malayali accent and he was the eternal devil's advocate. We teased him, taking off on the Lifebuoy soap advertising jingle:

'George Reddy hai jahan, opposition hai vahan'"

Paul's school was a strict one and principal, Brother Stanislaus, a terror to the students. He went about with a cane and used it freely. As class X students, George and his friends had to focus on studies and even had class on Sunday. According to Ramnath, George was the only student who had the courage to tell Brother Stanislaus that Sunday being Sabbath, he was not supposed to study. He never attended school on Sunday.

His sister Joy recalls, "Once, when George arrived five minutes late to school, the principal asked him to get a leave letter from his mother. When George came the next day without the letter, the principal asked him to go back and get it. George went to the nearby public library and sat there reading till evening. The next day, he again went to the library. In the altercation at home on the issue, George refused to accept that he had done anything wrong in the first place, to deserve the punishment he got."

Challenging authority and unwillingness to apologize or feel sorry if he felt it was necessary or right was not new to George. He and Cyril joined the Infant Jesus School in Thangasseri in 1956 and stayed for three years, some part of this period staying in the school hostel dormitory, and for some time in a house with local people as paying boarders. The school was a fairly large one spread over six acres, but the students could rarely play there as the principal cum warden Father Stephen S. Gomez was a hard taskmaster.

The students slept in dormitories with about forty beds each, while a hall with tables was where the children had to study from six to nine in the evenings. Father Gomez watched them through the windows from the main building and the children knew that Father Gomez could see very clearly even from that distance. If they spoke or nodded off to sleep, or turned around to look through the windows outside, he would cane them. George sat in the hall, with the windows behind him.

Every day, Father Gomez would cane at least three boys. Didn't they ever learn? As George wondered about this, the boy sitting next to him whispered, Can you help me with this sum? If I don't get it right, I will get a caning tomorrow from the Maths teacher. George tore out a paper from his notebook, scribbled the sum and the steps to its solution, and passed it to the boy. Within five minutes, Father Gomez had entered the hall.

> "George Reddy, what did you give the boy?"
> "I explained a sum, Sir."
> "Don't you know that you are not to talk or move while doing your homework?"
> "Yes Sir, but if I don't move, how will he understand the sum?"
> "So, you know how to talk back, do you? You will get twelve canings instead of the usual six."

As the cane lashed his palm, George did not flinch. After the fifth lash, the skin broke open and a line of red slowly started snaking its way down. Father Gomez waited for George to cry out, to say that he was sorry. The little boy remained stoic. In the face of the most severe punishment which he would always consider unjust, George was not one to regret what he had done, or be willing to apologise, show any fear or try to escape; he would show that the other side had not achieved anything by punishing him and that the person was a fool to think that he could change him (George) by punishment. Defiant, resentful, he would not flinch even a little bit. He wanted to show that the punishment would have no effect on him or change him since he believed he was in the right.

His elder brother Karl recalls an incident from the early fifties about the young George, "A group of children were playing cricket in our house in Tambaram, then a suburb of Madras, now Chennai. The house was huge, with sprawling grounds and a tamarind tree. The little children had seen their maternal uncle Eddychachen[1] and his friends play cricket on holidays and used to imitate them. The tamarind tree was their wicket. There were maybe three or four children, mostly boys and maybe one girl. George was batting and the ball hit the wicket. 'Out! Out! Out!' the others shouted. George refused to budge from the crease. 'Out! Out!' they chanted. George looked around, sloped the bat against his shoulder, and walked away, chanting ` Declared not out! Declared not out!'. It was a long walk, because the ground was so huge, but he didn't stop his chant till he was inside the house." He never knew when he was defeated, when he was beaten – that was George. Even when he was beaten, he was unwilling to acknowledge defeat. Throughout his life, he was like that.

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[1] George's maternal uncle Charles Vurghese

Nizam College

George joined for his PUC in 1963 in Nizam College. PUC found him and his friends newly independent. No more fear of Brother Stanislaus caning them, no more visits of parents to schools on a complaint by teachers, and classes could be easily bunked. No longer confined to small spaces, they found the college grounds huge, with facilities for many sports and extracurricular activities. Parents too no longer treated their college-going sons as schoolchildren, and they revelled in this.

George chose Biology, Physics and Chemistry as his optional subjects, with Sanskrit as his second language, "because it would fetch him more marks"[2]. His friends of those days, especially Patel, remembered that George was very keen on becoming a doctor. He had read AJ Cronin's The Citadel and Somerset Maugham's Of Human Bondage, and the two books had instilled in him the desire to take up the medical profession.

In Nizam College in 1963, the trio of George, Patel and Ramnath expanded to become the Five Musketeers as they called themselves– George, Patel, Ramnath, Pratap[3] and Hari — two of the five belonging to the Scheduled Castes, one Christian, one Brahmin, and one backward class boy. Though belonging to different castes and religions, they recall that there was no divisive feelings amongst them and in their families too, who were educated and broadminded. They ate in each other's houses frequently and in the college; they shared the lunches from their tiffin boxes.

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[2] Patel, Arjun (2012, January 11). Personal interview.

[3] Prathap Pothluri

It was a joyful, innocent, magnificent year, uncomplicated by selfish or ulterior motives. They spent their days joking around, bunking classes, regularly going to the movies, having silly arguments over trivia, speculating over imagined pairings with some of their female classmates, meeting practically every holiday, mostly at Ramnath's house. George bought printed song books of Hindi movies and used to practice singing to improve his Hindi vocabulary.

He would take his friends to the City Central Library (in those days in Himayatnagar next to the present Minerva Café) and they would read for hours together. George read the Bhagawad Gita, the Koran and the Bible, and would frequently tell his friends what the books preached. The Bhagawad Gita preaches communism, he would say. He was not religious himself, his friends recall. George used to enjoy reading Perry Mason and Agatha Christie. His friends recall that the George of those days was very different from the George of later days. They put up several plays, one with George in a burkha as someone's wife. George also wrote poems in English and shairis in Hindi.

According to Ramnath, "In those days, we were fond of Makhdoom Mohiuddin who was a long-time leader of the opposition in the Assembly, and we used to tease an approaching George saying, "Arre, Makhdoom aa gaya." They likened George to Makhdoom because he was always in the opposition. Ramnath says, "George was rash, he would never back out from taking a stand. For example, when he went to places like the Zoo park where swimming in ponds was prohibited, we would anyway swim and would have attendants shout at us. George would reply strongly to them."

George and his friends had an easy camaraderie among them. They were not at all in awe of him, as his latter-day supporters and admirers were. They bantered lightly among themselves, and George got his share of being the butt of many jokes too, like the rest of them. For example, Ramnath would be called bomman, while he would call Pratap dhed. George would call Ramnath bourgeois, it meant 'rich' for them and did not have its communist[4] connotations. They poked friendly fun at each other without taking offence and their friendship lasted till he died. George would continue to meet them all occasionally till he was killed. When Patel was studying medicine in Warangal, and George had gone on a cycle yatra with some others from Osmania University, George went to Patel's hostel and spent several hours with him.

An aspiration denied

It was the June of 1964 and the boys waited eagerly for their PUC results, scanning the daily newspapers. When at last the results were published, they were thrilled to find out that they had passed with first class. They gathered at Ramnath's place and pored over the newspapers, correlating their friends' hall ticket numbers with the class – first, second, and pass. George was slapped heartily on the back by his friends because he had obtained the second rank overall. He was pleased because PUC was the stepping stone for higher studies and many careers were made and broken here. He wanted to study medicine, the best way he thought, to serve people. He recalled the thrill of reading *The Citadel* and *Of Human Bondage*. What power there was in a doctor's hands! He could relieve people of their suffering; he could do good to others and also have a honourable place in society.

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[4] Ramnath (2012, February 8). Personal interview.

George scored distinction in every subject. When the admission schedule was announced, George hastened to Osmania Medical College along with Pratap and Patel, both of whom also wanted to join medicine. As they filled up application forms and submitted them, George was looking forward to his new life as a doctor. On the contrary, Pratap was apprehensive. "Kyon re, mujhe kya seat milega. My marks are not good."

Having obtained the second rank in Osmania University, George was sure he would get into the first list. But neither George nor Patel had made it into the first list. Pratap had obtained a seat in the reserved category. George waited, anxious and on edge. When he hadn't made it even in the second list, his heart sank. He was composed however, and didn't show his disappointment, even to his friends. They walked over to the GMC office to enquire why George hadn't made it. The clerks were busy putting up papers, but George was insistent. Tell me why, when I stood second in Osmania University, I don't get a seat. An older clerk called him aside, and told him, "Beta, wait for half an hour. I'll look into the file and tell you." When they returned the clerk asked George, "You are not a mulki (native), are you? That is why you didn't get in, bete. The rules are that you have to produce a mulki certificate."

Pratap was in tears saying "It's unfair, I didn't deserve it, you did." Over the next three days, George would console him "It's all right, it's all right. Things happen. That's how life is. You guys have suffered a lot. You deserve a better life." George never resented Pratap getting the seat, in fact he was happy for him, but it hurt him a lot that he himself could not make it. They left and George's long silence was an indication that he was upset. It was difficult for the others to see how cut up he was, as outwardly he was calm and composed. When he returned home in the evening and told his mother, even she didn't fathom the depth of his hurt.

Graduation

George joined BSc in OU Science College in 1964 and switched over to Mathematics and Physics from Botany, Zoology. During the first year of B.Sc., he still hankered after a seat in Medicine, but by the second year, he had seemingly adjusted, according to his friends. His friends feel that his failure to obtain a medical seat hurt him deeply and pushed him to changes in his thinking and life. His change of subjects also probably indicates this.

Much is not known about his B.Sc. first year days on the campus, except that he had now made a new friend, Devender Misra who was in BSc III year.[5] He encouraged George to go to the gym and would take him regularly to the OU gym.

The year 1965 saw changes in students selecting courses offered by OU Science College. Only special courses (combination of subjects) were admitted, and those already admitted were redirected to other University affiliated colleges. George was sent back to Nizam College where Ramnath was also doing his B.Sc. George continued his interest in physical fitness, and took boxing classes in Nizam college and even emerged as the college champion in his weight.

Cyril, although a non-Mulki and nowhere a top scorer, got admission to the University Engineering College in 1965 and George would often come to the university to meet his brother and his friends in Arts and Science College. He would also go with Ramnath to the GMC to meet Pratap.

George was greatly interested in visiting other cities. Ramnath, George, Cyril, Pratap, Muthyalu, Patel and Peter went for a one week long trip to Bombay when George was studying BSc. They took out fake concession forms and travelled unreserved, sitting on the footboards of trains and stayed on the verandah of a distant uncle of George's from Kerala. They went around on the trains and buses and saw all the sights of Bombay, eating bread dipped in tea. They also saw a film shooting of Shashi Kapoor and Nanda in the Hanging Gardens, the film was Jab Jab Phool Khile. The group took pictures with Shashi Kapoor.

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[5] Misra met George at an NCC camp in Kompally and they struck up a friendship

George did not have any romantic attachments, but many girls were friends with him. While they were careful with other boys, they sensed that George was democratic and seriously inclined to academics, and he would not trouble them. Cyril and George sometimes used to fight at home[6]. Their mother would support Cyril and get angry with George, who would leave the house and walk away. On one such occasion, George refused to eat at home for a whole three months. Patel recalled that George ate in his house for three months. He ate off his friends' lunch boxes in the noon and went to Patel's house for dinner and returned home only to sleep.

George rarely entertained himself like boys of his age by pulling people's legs or making fun of them to the point of hurting them. When his friends pulled his leg, he could never understand the point of such humour. Entertainment mostly came from reading books, watching films, meeting friends, loafing around and cracking jokes.

Protecting the vulnerable

Students coming to Nizam college for graduation came from well-to-do families. There were plenty of student squabbles, in which most male students took part. These were however, not of a serious nature. While there were certainly numerous groups, these had no strong political affiliations and backing, unlike the OU campus which was well known, even at that time, to be a hotbed of politics.

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[6] Cyril was always the one to start it and get badly beaten up at the end of it. He would take revenge by destroying something George treasured, like his history book.

Back in Nizam College, one big fight took place when one group brought a dada (a thug) from the Old City. While George was part of the fight, he was not the cause for it. Seeing the dada brandish his knife, George jumped on him, snatched away his knife and sent him off.

In college, the SC students who came from villages could neither speak English nor Hindi and often had their scholarships delayed. George's group would reprimand the bursary clerks over this in an effort to get the funds disbursed on time. His friends also recall that when Jawaharlal Nehru visited Hyderabad and came to Nizam College, there was heavy police bandobust. George was surprised and angry, "Ours is a democracy. The Prime Minister should be free to get close to people and talk to them. Why this extent of bandobast?" The young George had these ideas; he was different from the others.

YB Satyanarayana recalls "One day, sitting under the big tamarind tree in college, we saw some students running out helter shelter from the nearby cafeteria bleeding and shouting, 'George Reddy' ...'George Reddy'. We immediately rushed to the canteen. Another group of students was still at the cafeteria ... it was a frightening scene.

"George red with anger, was standing at the entrance of the canteen, challenging his rivals to fight him. He was shouting, pointing to the stains on the wall he had made with his blood soaked palms, that they would see more blood if they opposed him. His friends were trying to cool him down. No faculty member or administrative staff had dared to come to the scene. The rival group retreated and fled. George was immediately whisked away by his friends to a safe hiding place before police arrived at the scene." There were whispers doing the rounds that the rival group that had attacked George were from the ABVP/RSS. The latter had roughed up a poor lab attender or assistant in the cafeteria, when he refused to fetch them cigarettes a couple of days ago. When George heard about this, he had challenged and fought the perpetrators.

Dr Pratap Pothuluri, George's classmate in PUC who was not with the Leftists recalls, 'George protected me. On one occasion, when I was campaigning for a friend who was contesting for the general secretary's post, I was threatened by a group of students wearing white[7] shirts and white trousers. The very next day George told everyone that I was his friend. People were afraid of him,but were shocked as they thought that he would support the Leftists but he said that I was his friend. That was how he was.'

Ashok Bhatnagar, his colleague on campus recalls, 'He got into trouble because of his generosity. He reached out to people with deep compassion. He had strong feelings for those who were not treated well, even if they were from a different background. When he got his scholarship, he handed over the entire amount to his friend Iqbal to set up a petty shop. Iqbal was not educated like us."

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[7] "In those days, wearing white trousers and white shirts was associated with the Communists or Leftists. Most of them were from rural areas. Students from the city area were not really involved with any political group, Reddy Prathap (2012, February 4). Personal interview

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Difficult times for the family and Leila's influence

Moving to Hyderabad was a great change for the family in more ways than one. They were now in more uncertain times and places. The family had no definite sources of income. Leila had no job and they had to depend on monthly remittances from her sisters. They were staying in cheap rented accommodation with uncertain neighbours. Raising five adolescent children in a city where she had no support structure at all taxed Leila's ingenuity. They moved houses frequently - one year was usually the maximum they stayed in any locality, because Leila worried that the boys were getting into 'bad' company. She would not stay in a house which had portions occupied by bachelors. She had a young girl at home. They shifted from the Narayanguda house when the owners rented another portion to male students. There were no multi-storeyed apartments at that time, but she avoided even ground floor houses without an independent entrance. She reasoned that much of outside influence was bad and discouraged the children from mixing with others. Again, whenever the boys struck roots in the neighbourhood with local boys, she moved onto another neighbourhood to break the connection. Cyril recalls that when they stayed in Ameerpet, their landlord's son was a hardworking boy who worked at a young age, delivering newspapers, selling papads, etc. They saw films with him and played cards on the terrace with him at night. Leila didn't like it one bit though he was a good man and a hardworking one. She didn't like movies and cards, only the circus was acceptable to her.

Sixty years ago, Leila found it difficult being a single parent. Getting food on the table, ensuring that the children were educated well, shaping their moral values, raising energetic boys without a father figure, and securing the safety and well-being of two attractive daughters was a battle for her. George's life, public as it is, exemplifies how she raised her children so that none can fault her.

Leila had always adhered to Biblical precepts, and her devoutness intensified over time. She would not go to church however – she believed that her religion was a personal matter between her and God. From Saturday evening to Sunday noon, the children were not to study as it was Sabbath. She would not cook that day. When the children were young, there was strict discipline at home. After they returned from school, they had to study every evening. The lights were turned off at nine pm so there was no late night studying. They were woken up at 5.30 am. (George, whenever an opportunity arose, loved to read late at night, by the light from a nearby room, a torch, a lamp on the road, etc.).

They were taught not to waste anything. Leila herself wrote her accounts neatly, her notes on the margin, very finely written. George too had a neat, clear handwriting. Did he get his habit of filling up paper so completely without a trace of white margins from her? It is reasonable to assume that some of the traits and qualities people later observed in George had their origins, in no small measure, in the circumstances of his family and his mother's influence.

Increasingly, as the boys grew up and joined college, Leila lost control over them. As much as they had learned from her, they also moved away from her in the natural flush of adolescence. They made close friends in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Hyderabad, and confident of their friends' support and their own abilities, they began leading their own lives. The worst of their fights may have been hidden from their mother, but she would surely have known how fast they were slipping away from her. There was little she could do. Yet when compared to other houses, you could see clearly the devotion and awe in which they held their mother. No one could drink or smoke in their house, they had no radio, their friends could not walk in as they pleased, and there were still household rules that were observed.

All through his short life, both at home and outside, his mother would argue with him, trying to instil in him that discretion was indeed, the better part of valour. She knew that her son was brave to the point of foolhardiness, and she knew that he had inherited it from both his parents. She had raised him to be brave and honest, and take pride in the honesty and bravery of his forebears. Why would he listen to her now? Had she ever practised what she now told him to do? Had she ever held back, looked to her right, left and behind, and then made her moves? Had she ever compromised her values?

Chapter Three

REGGIE

Birth and early life

George Reddy, born on January 15th 1947 in Palghat (Palakkad), was christened George Raghunath Reddy, after his maternal uncle George Vurghese, who served as a pilot in the RAF during WW II and his father Raghunath Reddy. George's certificate of baptism says that the baptism was solemnized at the Holy Trinity Church, Palghat on 13th May 1947 by the Reverend Paul Isaac. His father's occupation was given as "landlord".

When George was very young, his pet name was Podiyan, a popular name among labourers in Kerala. Later, he was called Reggie, an Anglicised abbreviation of Raghunath, his father's name. George was the fourth child of Leila Reddy nee Vurghese and Challa Raghunatha Reddy, she a Syrian Christian from Kerala and he a Hindu from Chittoor, Andhra Pradesh. George's maternal grandfather George Thomas Verghese started his career as a munsiff magistrate and retired as a sub-judge. He was known to be totally honest and unbendng. George's maternal grandmother Mary (Mamie Eapen) of Kotterethil Tharavad, Chengannur, south of Alappuzha, worked as a teacher and later as a headmistress in various Travancore government schools. Leila was the second child in the family of eight.

George's father Challa Raghunath Reddy hailed from Challavaripalli village in Rompicherla mandal, Chittoor district. Raghunath Reddy's father, Krishna Reddy and mother Chengamma had four sons and one daughter and Raghu was the second.

Raghu and Leila met when she was studying post-graduation at Queen Mary's College in Chennai and had been going to Presidency College for Maths. Raghunath Reddy, then doing BA (Hons) at Presidency, contested in the Presidency college elections and Leila was one of those who campaigned against him. The pretty girl came to his notice this way and he used to hang around her at the bus stop. He made friends with her brother George so that he could visit the house. He was a personable man, and her family did not have any hang- ups about his religion. In the nineteen forties, just before Independence, the nationalist movement was strong. People dreamt of a new India. Both Raghu and Leila and many others in their circle were great admirers of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose.

They had a registered wedding in 1940. None from Raghu's family attended and the married couple were not welcome to visit Raghu's ancestral house. At some point of time, maybe in 1942, Raghu and his family shifted to the village Challavaripalle where they lived in a house outside the village. They were still not allowed into the main house. Raghu and Leila had five children. The first child Dawn, was born in 1941. The second Karl was born in 1943, Lavanya (christened Joy) was born in 1945, George in 1947 and the youngest, Cyril in 1948.

Raghu's joint family separated in 1943. That year, Raghu and his younger brother went to Madras, and from 1943-

49, traded in Madras cloth, chilli and carpets. After Partition, the business suffered huge losses due to unsettled conditions, and the family's lifestyle took a downturn. After the huge losses in business, tensions in the joint family came to the fore as it does in all families that go through bad times. Leila preferred, like her parents, to live on income earned in service and consequently, a quiet life. The tension between Leila and Raghu that may have begun with the family business became sharper after the family's financial crisis broke out in the early fifties.

The family, now with five children, shifted from town to town and within towns from house to house. The family went from Chennai to Kotagiri in 1948 where Cyril was born, to Coonoor to Yercaud in 1951, to Chennai in 1953, to Bengaluru in 1954, and again returned to Chennai in 1955. They did not know where their father was, most of that time. Suddenly, he would come with bags of rice and tins of ghee from the village, and buy them new clothes and shoes. In 1955, the family went for holidays to their grandfather's estate at Ranni[1] in

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[1] Ranni was where their grandfather's plantation was and they went there for the holidays. His elder brother Karl was born here in 1943. There were easily twenty five acres in the family plantation, mainly rubber, coconut and pepper. The house in the plantation had no toilet inside it, like most houses in those times. The latrine was a kind of outhouse on the edge of a hill, and its outlet was a cemented slope that led 20 feet downhill. All the human excreta was gobbled up by the waiting pigs below.

To reach the house in the plantation, a road on flat level land had been laid for vehicles. The children, Karl, George, Cyril, Kerala. Leila decided to stay back to look after her aged parents and unmarried younger brother. That could have been the start of the break up, or maybe one of its open manifestations. What happened between the two can only remain conjecture. Raghu had wanted Leila to return, but she was unwilling. She felt that she would be more useful looking after her aged father and get her younger brother married. Perhaps, she also felt that the differences between them had not yet been settled. Raghu died in 1960 of a heart attack. Leila continued to raise the children by herself without help from his family.

To her children, Leila portrayed her father as a role model to emulate - honest, unbending, who could not advance to the High Court or Supreme Court, unlike his colleagues who were more pliable and accommodative. The children were always given lessons in honesty.

In 1959, her elder sister Ruby's children came to stay with them in Chennai. They were studying in St Bede's, staying in the hostel and their parents thought they would do better staying with Leila and her children. It was the

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and sometimes the uncle, used to play cricket on this flat patch. After lunch, the children had to keep totally quiet since their grandfather had a siesta for about two hours. The house was up the mountain slope, up the river banks of the Pampa; the bus used to go around the slope. The children climbed two km up the mountain covered with pepper, cardamom, rubber, coconut trees. They would run up and down in ten minutes.

Family celebrations and festivities were held here. It was a good time - a big family with plenty of adults to ensure that no single adult punished children unfairly, plenty of good fresh food and lots of empty spaces to play in. When marriages were celebrated, young calves were cut and the meat distributed all around.

beginning of the academic year and every day, some purchases of school items would have to be made by one or the other of the children. While making genuine purchases, at the shop, they would also steal pencils and together, (George and Cyril along with Ruby's children) they would have stolen about two or three dozen pencils. When Leila found out, she asked them to return the pencils at once. The boys returned the pencils to the shops, and put them back from where they had taken them.

She taught the children the value of hard work and taking pride in what they did. When they were very young and staying in Challavaripalle surrounded by servants, she allowed no one to touch the children. She bathed, groomed and fed them herself, a matter of some bewilderment to the Reddy wives nearby because at that time, servants did much of the work in Reddy households.

George had only vague recollections of his Palghat days, but he could easily recall the vivid colours of the place – green, brown and white. Green, the dominant colour - emerald green paddy and banana trees, dark green palmyra. The brown of mud, and the white of the clothes both men and women always wore. George had clearer recollections of Ranni and Thangasseri. Ranni was where they went for the holidays, and the school that George and Cyril attended in his early days was at Thangasseri, from 1956-59 when they were staying at Ranni.

From the window of his school dormitory, nine year old George could see the Thangasseri lighthouse. He knew that it was built in 1902 and its beacon could be seen up to thirteen miles out at sea. The lighthouse had the most amazing view - the open sea changing hues by the second, the harbor and its formidable breakwaters, a stretch of beaches to the north, and inland, an expanse of green dotted with palms. George felt the pull of history as he roamed about the small town and its beautiful beach. There were the ruins of an old Portuguese fort and churches built during the eighteenth century. There was a beautiful eighteenth century church which George and the other students attended. The young George, not yet in his teens, learnt to dream here. The old lighthouse, the older churches and the ruined forts told him stories about a people conquered, colonists who came by sea and ruled the land, and the people eventually sending them away, one after the other.

George loved the sea. Silvery sandy beaches with swaying palms; you could lie down here and forget the world. There were coral reefs here with small pools of water, about four feet deep, just deep enough for a young boy to learn to swim on his own. George learnt to swim here, and what fun it was for him, though he had to constantly look out for his younger brother all the time, seeing that he came to no harm in the water.[2]

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[2] Although George was the last but one in the family, he had to look after Cyril, a year and a half younger to him. Since he and Cyril were put in the same schools or hostels, if Cyril did not like or could not adjust to the new place, George had the responsibility of looking after Cyril. This was true in Thangassery, Don Bosco at Chennai, St Gabriel's at Warangal, and even St Paul's at Hyderabad. It probably continued in an unconscious fashion even later in the OU campus.

Schools in Chennai and then Warangal

In 1959, the family shifted to Chennai. George's grandfather had died and his uncle had married and settled down. Karl joined the Engineering College in Anantapur in 1959. Dawn was doing her BA at Stella Maris College, Chennai and Joy her X class in Rosary Matriculation School in the same city. Leila began work as a teacher. George and Cyril went to Don Bosco, Egmore. This was an elite school and most of the children were from well-to-do families. The principal was an Irishman, Father Mallon. George and Cyril used to go by bus to Don Bosco in Egmore from their house in Adyar. The return journey from Egmore to Adyar used to be crowded and it was fun for the boys to run and jump onto moving buses. After school hours, the boys used to stay back and play table tennis, football, cricket and even marbles, come home and do homework.

When Raghu died in 1960 Leila decided to move to Andhra Pradesh in 1961. Karl could not get admission in Guindy Engineering College in 1959 because of domicile requirements and Leila might have hoped that the children would not be hampered by domiciliary restrictions in their father's native state. Karl recalls, 'On one visit home to Chennai, maybe in the summer of 1961, my mother said that we were moving to Warangal. I was to go in advance and rent a house. I went by way of Hyderabad, because I remember sleeping on a bench in Kachiguda railway station, the night before going to Warangal. I took a house in Hanamakonda. My mother didn't like it. She found a place in Kazipet. The boys studied in St Gabriel's, Joy in Fatima Girls' Convent, and both my mother and Dawn taught in the same school.'

The shift to Andhra Pradesh led to the near-total severing of relations with their mother's relatives.

It was also a sudden transition for the children. The boys had studied in Don Bosco, a leading school in Chennai with children speaking in English. St Gabriel's in Warangal, to them, was like a government school. In Don Bosco, they had worn shoes and socks and short pants; in St Gabriel's, it was long pants, and if they wore shoes, everyone laughed at them. They didn't speak Hindi or Telugu either. They spoke English and Malayalam. Further, school children in Warangal were from all classes and backgrounds and it was a totally new experience for George and Cyril.

Recalls his classmate Atmaram, 'I still remember the day George entered the class, and was introduced by the teacher as a new kid, who had moved from Madras and Don Bosco School (as best as I can recall). On the very first day, he responded to some questions about Shakespeare, which impressed both the teachers and students.'

The family stayed only a year in Warangal. They moved to Hyderabad in 1962. Dawn got a teacher' job in Cuttack, Odisha, where she would later marry and settle down. Karl joined BA in Secunderabad Arts and Science College and Joy joined PUC in Women's College, Koti.

Chapter Four

A PERIOD OF INTROSPECTION AND LEARNING

After his graduation from Nizam College, George joined the M.Sc. course in Physics in the OU in 1967. Karl had joined the IAS.

From September 1967, George and Cyril stayed in OU B hostel where Cyril had been admitted. Their mother left for Kerala for a brief period along with Joy. Cyril's roommate was Yadgiri Rao, who in 1971, was to become president of the OU Engineering College students' union. George stayed with them as a guest and they had a good time. At least twice a week, the three along with their friends from other hostels, went for the late night film shows at theatres in Secunderabad like Ajanta, Natraj, Plaza, Tivoli, Dreamland and Manohar. They would catch the last bus to Seethaphalmandi and walk the last couple of miles back to the hostel. Sometimes, the movie was a longer one and they missed the last bus and had to trudge back to the hostel but time and distance were quickly forgotten as they joked, laughed and chatted all the way back. They also regularly hung out at the Narayanguda Tajmahal[1] restaurant.

Later, in 1970, George and his close friend Kulkarni would see films together. Kulkarni recalls Mai Quada, a film about a black Haitian hero who fights the whites.

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[1] The Narayanguda Taj hotel was the *adda* of George's group, the Koti Taj was the ABVP *adda* and the Abids Taj was CPI Sadanand's *adda*.

They also saw Hindi romances. Both sang snippets of Hindi film songs, however, Kulkarni does not recall George as having a good singing voice.

The Youth Congress which dominated the political scene in the University was led by Pulla Reddy and Sridhar Reddy, both of whom stayed on the campus. They were local leaders to whom direct allegiance was given by the mass of students. The actual threat to Congress dominance came from Narayan Das, a full time RSS *pracharak.* Kurta pajama and a vermillion tilak on his forehead, Narayan Das attracted students with his simple attire, dress and persuasiveness. He enrolled himself in different courses over the years to remain a student and work among them.

The RSS was established in Hyderabad only after Police Action in 1948, though it worked earlier through the Arya Samaj. The RSS unit in OU started somewhere in 1961-3 and formed the Vidyarthi Parishad in 1967. Led by Narayan Das, this unit, after participating in the Telangana movement in its initial stages, did an abrupt about-turn on a call from the all-India Bharatiya Jana Sangh. Their new integrationist policy won them friends in high quarters. Home Minister Vengal Rao and Finance Minister K.Vijayabhaskar Reddy found them useful allies. The ABVP had been, through a variety of ways, increasing its following in the campus and affiliated colleges. It now virtually ruled the campus like a mafia. By 1970, it operated in the examination branch and could easily influence the registrar and the Vice Chancellor.

At the time, the ABVP / RSS faction which was entrenched in the campus had spread its tentacles everywhere. Underneath the veneer of an impartial administration and faculty, the ABVP/RSS faction ruled the roost – dictating appointments for faculty, rigging attendance, controlling free food at hostels, manipulating exam results, submitting fake answer sheets and so on. Their attitude towards women and girls, minorities and Class IV employees was domineering and condescending. To them, the minorities, did not respect this nation's traditions, and believed in received religions with their foundations elsewhere. The place of good women was at home tending to their families, hence women and girls on the streets were 'bad women.'

George is rusticated

The A and B hostels in OU were grand imposing structures, featuring high arched windows, two floors with 100 rooms each, with hundreds of resident students. All the main leaders of the ABVP and Youth Congress stayed in these three hostels. Sridhar Reddy had the best single room to himself in hostel A, which he retained year after year, and nearly decade after decade, with a landline phone connection. His protégé Srinivas Reddy, studying MA in Arts College also stayed in A hostel. The mess was often the arena where dominance politics was played out, and the ruling group controlled the mess, had the best portions and treated their followers and friends free of charge.

In the beginning of 1968, Cyril and Srinivas had an argument over some issue in the mess. Cyril was getting the worst of it and word went out to George in the Physics department that his brother was being attacked. Armed with only a pen knife and not knowing how many attackers were there, George flew out of the Physics department and ran the kilometer or so to A hostel, which was Sridhar Reddy's fiefdom. But that was not to worry George and he came into the scene unfolding outside Hostel A.

Opposite hostel A is a big vacant space and across the road is the mess, a closed hall with a solitary badam (almond) tree outside it, and again with a lot of vacant space outside it. There was Cyril, still arguing with Srinivas Reddy and getting pushed back. A crowd of students were watching; it was getting to be lunch time and students of all three hostels were coming to the mess. George jumped up and lunged at Srinivas Reddy. The quickness of the attack surprised Srinivas Reddy who was hard put to defend himself. Srinivas Reddy's cronies, who had acted tough just a little while ago, fell back. This was George Reddy, not someone to trifle with. George Reddy, it was rumored, would fight even with the devil. George used his pen knife to scratch Srinivas Reddy lightly, not so much to hurt him as to get him out of the fight. Hearing the commotion, Sridhar Reddy stepped out and shouted

"Kya kar rahe ho, usko kyon mar rahe ho."

"Chal be, tu bhi aa, lad lenge," George challenged him, brandishing his knife.

The massed students watched with bated breath. What a fool this George Reddy was, to challenge Sridhar Reddy himself! Didn't he know that Sridhar Reddy would finish him off in a few minutes?

"Bhag ja, George! Tujhe khatam kar denga" shouted someone from among the students.

George stood his ground, still daring Sridhar Reddy, eyeball to eyeball. It seemed an eternity, but it was barely thirty seconds. Sridhar Reddy moved away, avoiding a showdown. His dominance and perceived invincibility suffered a major setback that day.

This incident was to cost George, Cyril, Yadgiri Rao and Hanumanth Reddy a year's loss in their academic life. They were rusticated for three years, Sridhar Reddy was powerful in the administration, and a police case was filed under section 307 IPC. Since it was a non-bailable case, the boys had to hide from police, and shift their shelter every few days. Some ABVP sympathisers gave them shelter for the first few days. The ABVP faction was happy that Sridhar Reddy's supremacy had been smashed. Tammareddy Bharadwaj says that they stayed in his house in Ameerpet. The case was mainly on George, and the others got bail initially. George was to stay underground for longer, but subsequently got bail. Later, a compromise was arranged between both the parties and George, along with the others, was acquitted. The rustication was withdrawn after a year.

After George got bail, Leila took a house in Warangal again and the boys used to travel from Warangal up and down to attend the court case. Probably their mother thought that staying in Warangal would protect the boys in more ways than one.

Returning to college towards the beginning of 1969, they found the campus closed for nearly a year due to the Telangana agitation. The family moved to Cuttack temporarily where George's sister Dawn was settled, took a house on rent there, and stayed there that summer. Later in 1969, Patel, George, Cyril, Yadigiri and Mahipal visited Cuttack and went on from there to Calcutta. Back in Hyderabad, they cycled extensively – to Gandipet several times, to Golconda, Zoological park, and several other places. They had great fun those days. After the agitation subsided and colleges reopened, they moved back to Hyderabad where George rejoined his MSc course in Physics.

The churning inside and outside

George had learnt to cope – with defiance and stubbornness – the frugality and austerity imposed on him due to his family's meagre resources. His academic achievements probably also stemmed partially from this. But it would have stung him to be so well read, yet having to maintain a distance from his more well to do peers. "What did it matter if you spoke English well, but were not able to move freely or be recognized by other middle class students due to total lack of "pocket money" to spend?"[2] While being outwardly stoic in his reactions to the social slights and rebuffs that was a result of his father's desertion, he nevertheless must have resented these. His father who was dead these past four years,

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[1] Joy Reddy notes, March 13, 2012.

was absent for them even earlier and had not cared for the family sufficiently, he thought. He could not understand why relatives, either from the mother's or father's side were so callous and insensitive to his mother's plight. He had also lost his faith. Baptised and brought up in the Christian faith, George had had the Bible read out to him during his growing years. He had also read it himself due to his sheer love of reading. As life turned out to be more and more distressing financially, he took to critically reading the Bible to argue with his mother. He would point out to her passages which were seemingly contradictory.

The fact that he couldn't get a medical seat affected George significantly. The admission system was opaque and in spite of being clearly eligible, he was denied a place. His not being able to get a medical seat may have triggered the process of questioning society and its mores. Later in the year, much after the third list was put up, the medical course had started, and George had taken admission in B.Sc Physics in Nizam College, he came to know that there were five seats for non Mulkis. The PUC topper Lateef was a Mulki, so George had clearly topped the non-Mulki list. Why then did he not get a seat? How could he find out? What could he do even if he did? Was there an authority that would even hear a seventeen year old boy and render him justice? He felt the loss of his father now keenly. What could he expect his mother to do, burdened as she was already, educating and feeding them, and keeping a roof over their heads, all by herself. He saw fathers accompanying their sons and daughters to the colleges, to the offices, scrutinizing the lists put up, filling up forms, enquiring at the office. Even if they didn't come in person, they were on hand to advise their children on the best course of action. Even when George was outwardly enjoying himself with his friends, there was a churning within him. It was now getting clear that George would not fit in the usual mold of middle class students, content with academics, films, friends and outings. Hardship, and the sheer injustice of his circumstances, made him keenly aware of the hypocrisy of society and its norms.

During the rustication period George read and studied intensely – both on the academic and general fronts. Bharadwaj, the son of a Communist, and whose house was strewn with Marxist literature, recalls that George read all the Marxist literature in his house. The long hiatus in academics, his isolation from his friends, his usual haunts, and the change in routine probably led to introspection. It was the period of isolation that pushed George to think for himself what he wanted to do in life. His natural inclination towards anti-authoritarianism and anti-establishment politics and attitudes was now being channelized into a strong urge to bring about a revolutionary change in society. None of his friends could understand what had changed the man. Some thought that it was the bad influence of OU campus. Some others felt it to be a group of people who were misleading him. Dr Patel recalls, "He was stabbed once in the abdomen around the end of 1971 and taken to Gandhi hospital. Pratap and the others met him and told me, We will lose him."We told him, Slow down, you will die and we will then see your name on the walls. You are intelligent, you can become a research scholar and help people in other ways." George replied, "One man can help change society." Little did they understand then that it was the times that led George into his new phase.

The sixties, especially the late sixties, were a period of great change in the world. Today's world may seem globalised to us, but it is consumerism that is globalised today, while in the 1960s, ideas were globalised – ideas of revolt, ideas of natural justice. Anti-colonial movements swept Africa with 32 countries gaining independence. Vietnam was fighting the bravest battle against mighty America, shattering the assumption of the powerful everywhere that no one could resist America. The youth of America had erupted in an anti-war, anti-state movement with strong flanks of the Black Panther and feminist movements. Students were occupying campuses and marching onto Washington. Martin Luther King's murder in 1968 had not only drawn the attention of youth worldwide, but had also radicalised African Americans, turning them away from the goals of peaceful integration towards the overtly revolutionary ideals of the Black Panthers. Europe had seen both extensive students and workers' movements. The sixties was the decade of Che Guevara spreading worldwide revolution. There was ferment in the Communist countries too. The Cultural Revolution in China was matched by the Prague Spring and the beginning of the end of the Soviet Union.

In November, Pakistan erupted. The students took on the state apparatus of a corrupt and decaying military dictatorship backed by the US. They were joined by workers, lawyers, white-collar employees, prostitutes and other social levels and despite the severe repression, the struggle increased in intensity and toppled Field Marshal Ayub Khan in March 1969. The victory led to the first general election in the country's history. Bengali nationalists in East Pakistan won a majority that the elite and key politicians refused to accept. Bloody civil war led to Indian military intervention and ended the old Pakistan. Bangladesh was the result of a bloody caesarean.

The late sixties were also eventful years in India, and AP in particular. Between the late sixties and nineties, dissent flourished with several movements contesting for space. There was widespread discontent over the rising prices of commodities, unemployment, economic stagnation and a food crisis. The Naxalbari rebellion of 1967 was a trigger for the radical factions of Communists to bring their ideologies into the open. The Naxalbari call reached Andhra Pradesh and the Srikakulam tribal revolt in 1969 followed soon after. This energised the local Communists who began organising far more actively than ever before.

In Andhra Pradesh, 1969 saw the Telangana agitation (1968-71) spearheaded by employees and students, and calling for a separate Telangana, as the promises made to this region during the making of the unified state were dishonoured. The agitation went on vigorously for about six months, with all colleges in the Telangana region and OU closing down from January 1969. Students who had participated in this agitation returned to the campus with renewed militancy.

Always a natural leader, George now had a mission. He was now to lay down principles which would henceforth govern his life, which would in turn shape the manner in which the students around perceived him. George Reddy had embarked on a mission to build a progressive and democratic student movement starting with the OU campus and its affiliated colleges. 1970 saw the mobilization of students on their problems, particularly in Engineering College under the banner of OU Students. A movement was also launched demanding that even the economically backward be given scholarships. This was accepted, and most Engineering College students became scholarship holders.

George was clearly moving beyond just organising the student body. He was a source of strength to the class IV employees and their children and families, who were living in the bastis of the OU campus. 'We were frightened of the RSS because they dominated the hostels and tried to terrorize us. We used to vote for the Congress and during election time, we would put up Congress banners and flags. The RSS led by Narsimha Reddy, had a Sunday shakha in Tagore gardens and they raided our basti and tore down our banners and flags. We desperately needed a mentor. We found him in George. Not just us, all the employees in the camp felt that George would come if we called him. We knew of course, of his group's fight against the RSS,' says Rajari. In the bastis, Hindus, Muslims, BCs and SCs were all either respectful or fearful of George and the number of communal and caste quarrels were kept to the minimum. George also ensured that the OU administration did not unduly harass Class IV employees. He also trained some of the basti students in self defence and boxing and helped them in their studies. Ramchander recalls that his father, a 4th class employee working in the health department of OU was often ill. The doctor Viswanatham tried to force him to take compulsory retirement. Ramchander went to George to tell him about this. George told Cyril and others nearby, 'Are, Ramchander ka baap hai re. Dekhke aa. When Cyril, Yadigiri and Ramchander went to Dr Viswanatham and argued with him, he stopped harassing Ramchander's father.

George fully understood the issue of minorities and women, and batted strongly for equality in treatment and recognition of their merit and capabilities. With his mother's ideal before him, he knew that women are as, if not more, intelligent as men. In his own home, George was a democrat. His sister Lavanya had, in 1966, joined MA in Linguistics in OU. The following year, Leila made her discontinue, citing lack of finance as the reason. Lavanya stayed at home for four years and escaped to Cuttack where her sister was to have a second child. Later, she refused to return home. When Leila asked George what could be done to get her back home, his answer was, 'Let her complete her MA. If you can have a PG degree, your daughter is also entitled to it.' Lavanya returned to complete her postgraduation.

Elections were a major issue on campus as the victorious group could exercise day to day control over colleges, hostels and the campus administration. The ABVP did not allow other candidates to contest against them. If the candidate did not withdraw, he was beaten up. All this brought George's group directly and regularly into conflict with ABVP/RSS faction and he decided he had to fight them to rid the campus from their domination.

It was not easy for George. The ABVP had students in the hostels, boys from landlord families in Telangana gravitating quite naturally to them. Lakhan Singh who came from Dhulpet had his entire community of Lodhas backing him. The ABVP could maintain big gangs and feed them. George's group had no money at all, George himself barely carrying twenty five paise in his pocket at any given point of time.

George's group was also beginning to expand out of the campus and started supporting and bolstering anti-ABVP panels in Badruka, GMC, Agricultural University, JNTU (called Nagarjuna Engineering College at that time), Nizam College, VV College, Saifabad Science College, Anwar-ul-Uloom College, etc. Most of this was tactical and aimed at buttressing candidates who were being opposed by the ABVP and who were in need of help.

In Science College, George set up Sridharmurthy as his presidential candidate. Senapati Reddy was contesting against Sridharmurthy as the Congress candidate. Senapati was very close to people in George's group, but George felt that he must have a committed socialist and went ahead with Sridharmurthy's candidature. In spite of his and his group's best efforts, Sridharmurthy lost the election.

Chapter Five

GEORGE THE ACTIVIST

George passed his M.Sc course with a gold medal in early 1971. For a brief period for a few months, after passing his M.Sc, he taught Physics in AV College, Hyderabad. Raji Reddy who studied in the college and was taught by George, recalls, "He was an efficient teacher, an impressive personality. I used to bunk practicals and play chess with the head of the department. When George caught me out once, he chided me, 'Why do you bunk class for other activities? I was stunned because he was not afraid to question me in front of the head of the department. Long after this, I have forgotten the head of the department with whom I played chess, forgotten his face, but not forgotten George."

Around this time, George was also exploring other possibilities. He had applied to a number of research institutions like the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research (TIFR), Bhabha Atomic Research Centre (BARC), the Indian Institutes of Technology (IITs), Indian Institute of Science (IISc), etc to do research.

Javeed Mirza recalls travelling with George to Bombay. "I had the pleasure of going to Bombay with George in 1971. He had got an interview with TIFR (Tata Institute of Fundamental Research) and with BARC (Bhabha Atomic Research Centre). I asked permission to come to Bombay with him and he willingly agreed. I had no money, but George said that we could travel by train in the third class and manage. He also taught me how to sleep without a reserved berth. Since we had very little luggage and no bedsheets, we cleaned the floor, spread newspapers and slept on the newspapers under the seat. Our spirits were high and there was no time wasted thinking on trivial matters of comfort."

Prof. R. Raghava Rao, a retired scientist from the Physical Research Laboratory at Ahmedabad recalled, "Either in late 1971 or early 1972, George Reddy came to PRL, Ahmedabad to attend the interview selections for PhD scholars.[1] As far as I remember, he was the first student from OU to do so. George Reddy impressed all of us with his knowledge and quickness of response and he got an A+ from all of us[2]. At the end of his interview, Prof. Pisharoty asked him, "If you get a scholarship at OU and here too, which would you prefer?" The boy instantly replied: "Osmania University'. I explained the facilities here, the attention we pay to students, the freedom we give them in choosing their subjects, the excellent lab facilities here, the higher scholarship available here, the opportunities students get to go abroad, etc. He listened patiently. When I asked him what he had decided, he said that he would think it over. He left without giving us an answer.[3]"

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[1] PRL had an exclusive Ph.D programme where the best scholars, mainly from the IITs and leading universities, were selected.

[2] I was part of the 6-member interview committee headed by Prof. Pisharoty, father of remote sensing in India. Normally, we individually grade to each candidate, and after the interview, discuss and finalise our gradings, Raghava Rao (2012, May 1). Telephonic interview.

[3] Pisharoty had asked me to take the boy to my house as he belonged to my state, and talk to him, explaining the advantages here. I did so, and spoke to him for over an hour.

George had also got a admission in the IITs that had postgraduate science courses as also the Indian Institute of Science, but he did not join there[4]. When asked why he attended the interviews when he did not want to join, George explained that since they gave him fares, it gave him the opportunity to travel and meet people.

Instead, he decided to continue in OU so that he could have the time to play a bigger part in the

revolutionary fight for just and better society, a socialist society. He joined as a research scholar in Physics, his specific area being Theoretical Physics. He received a UGC CSIR scholarship. No one in the department had the courage to be his research guide, except for Afzal Mohammed, a reader in astrophysics department, who came forward to do so. George would now study in the Physics Department library from 10 am to 1 pm. Later from 2 pm to 5 pm he would be at the OU library to pursue his wide reading interests.

Scholar, Critic, and Curator of books

George had already been reading extensively. He was lending out books on a regular basis to others to read and expand their knowledge and deepen their perspective. The books were carefully selected, wrapped in neat plastic covers, stamped with an ID no. and date of purchase with value. There was also a note book which kept meticulous accounts of every penny spent. George possibly received small donations for buying books and this was his method of accounting for the expenditure.

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He used to pro-actively put forward many topics for discussion – the war in Vietnam, the Palestine problem, events in the Dominican Republic, the 1954 Gautemalan coup, the 1968 French student revolt, the black panthers of America and the Naxalbari, Srikakulam and Telengana movements. Some of the terms students heard from George were 'bourgeois culture' and the need for de-classification, foco theory and guerrilla warfare; they also heard about Che Guevara, Regis Debray, Daniel Cohn Bendit, Jean-Paul Sartre and George Habash. By what he carried around, his favorite books were possibly those by Ernesto Che Guevara (Guerilla Warfare, On Revolution, Venceremos! Selected Writings, Bolivian Diary). He also read Friedrich Hegel (Science of Logic), Sigmund Freud (Complete Psychological Works) and Karl Marx (The Collected Works). Three other large-sized volumes were those by James Joll (The Anarchists), Michael Bakunin's Selected Writings and Alex Haley's The Autobiography of Malcolm X. His light reading consisted of books like Regis Debray's Revolution in the Revolution, Frantz Fanon's The Wretched of the Earth, and Noam Chomsky's At War with Asia.

Few students those days read the newspapers, fewer still read books and most had their small interests filling the world around them – movies, friends, family, religion and sport. Yet, he would talk to people, give out books to read, debate for hours. George's reading was extensive, he attended discussions and seminars conducted in the city on contemporary issues. When George participated in discussions, his questions and the issues he raised provoked students to think. He also participated in campus activities that involved issues of fairness and justice.

In a seminar organized by the US Consul, there were about a hundred and fifty students (girls and boys) from various departments. After the thirty minute presentation by the Consul was over, George who listened to every word about "the great American democracy", got up and issued a barrage of questions – from US support of dictatorships in S America, to Vietnam, to their rapacious behaviour in Africa. His forceful presentation pushed the Consul to the defensive and changed the thoughts of some students to go overseas.

After class hours, and outside his academic schedule, he never spoke of anything else but his passion for change and socialism. He was so convinced that he would not and could not speak of anything else. He took every opportunity to tell fellow students about changes in the other parts of the world.

Banda Canteen– an intellectual "salon on the rocks"

As you turn into Science college, either by the avenue road or by a pathway, the first building is the Maths, Statistics, Astronomy complex. Going round the building, you will see a clump of boulders, big and small, providing a comfortable seating space under a shady neem tree. Behind the rocks the building which formed part of the Astronomy complex had garages, so the area had some privacy. The area is otherwise bare, except for another neem tree opposite the rocks. This was the famous Banda Canteen.

Perched on these rocks under the neem trees behind the Astronomy department, groups of students would debate with George for hours. He could easily switch from a discussion on guerrilla warfare to an exposition of quantum mechanics or the various creation theories of the universe. His friends would long to see the familiar figure descend from the library in the afternoon and head towards the Banda Canteen, so that they could engage him in discussions. Sometimes, he would take an hour to traverse the short distance, barely half a kilometer, because he would have to stop, greet and talk to so many people on the way.

George also organized a debate on the topic Armed Revolution in India in Science College. In his concluding remarks, he dealt with the colonial mindset that plagues the nation even after the end of colonial rule. To organize such a debate on such a topic in those times was a reflection of the political situation prevailing then in the wake of the Naxalbari and Srikakulam peasant uprisings. The Banda Canteen atmosphere was aflame with animated discussions on this topic for many weeks after this.[5]

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[5] Venkatramani recalls "On another occasion, discussions revolved around Fidel Castro going for sugarcane cutting (for a month). Kulkarni thought it was funny that the head of a nation would waste his time on a farm rather than making law or policy, while George felt it was a good gesture. Discussions turned to respect for labor, be it agrarian or industrial labor. We

Fighting and Fitness

George was also boxing and training in the university gym. He was a ranker in his weight in the university boxing championships. Kulkarni recalls George often coming with a bleeding mouth and face and washing up in his (Kulkarni's) room which was in the PG hostel behind the playground. George saw physical fitness as a necessity for every individual. His precondition for members of his group was that they should be physically fit. Apart from boxing, his group also practiced judo and karate. Asvini and Ramani had the benefit of being coached in the elements of boxing by George. George would take students and youth from the OU bastis (Rajari, Manohar and others) to the gym behind the old PG hostel and give them lessons in boxing.

Forming mass organisations - CFSA , SYF, PDS

George's life between 1970 and 1972 was one dedicated to unceasing, patient political work. In this period, George was also in regular touch with left-leaning intellectuals like KV Raghunatha Reddy, Justice O.Chinnappa Reddy, Dr Rajagopalan, etc. George also attended meetings of the Marxist Educational Society where Mohit Sen used to speak. The AP chapter of the Congress Forum for Socialist Action (CFSA) was formed in 1970 with Kulkarni as its president and Rajaiah as

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meandered to other topics like agrarian revolution (as a strategy), working class (industrial workers) leading Indian revolution, character of Indian proletariat etc. We also discussed our role in the revolutionary movement - whether we are going to lead or be a catalyst in the process."

secretary. They were invited to many conferences. A conference was held in Vijayawada and all the delegates went there in a bus. After this, in March 1970, more than 20 of George's group went to the first all India conference of the CFSA at Delhi. Most of them stayed in KV Raghunath Reddy's house when he was Company Affairs Minister, and some in the Gandhi Peace Foundation.

George was the only one who participated with some seriousness, the rest had fun, roaming around Delhi, recalls one of the participants. The other delegates from AP included J. Chokka Rao and Indrasen Reddy. After the Delhi conference, they attended, as fraternal delegates, the Kerala Students' Union conference in Calicut, where they met AK Antony, Vayalar Ravi and Oomen Chandy. Ajay Sinha, Cyril and George went for the Calicut conference. There they met Kunhikkal and Mandakini Narayanan, their daughter the militant activist Ajitha being in jail at that time. They stayed for two days in a plantation estate with George's maternal uncle. On their return, they dropped by at Bengaluru, where they met Youth Congress leaders. They were invited to Bengal too.

Their sojourn in the CSF did not enthuse them, they found the socialism in the Congress to be confined to paper and speeches. George's group had been known as OU Students. He changed the name of his group to Progressive Democratic Students (PDS) from the earlier OU Students, giving it a more definite identity.

In the 1971, the PDS organised an anti-price meeting at VV College; the speakers were clearly from the Left –

Jwalamukhi, as also KL Mahindra of the AITUC. They also had a meeting to express solidarity with the Vietnamese struggle, in YMCA Narayanguda with Chari (New Science College lecturer), Srinath Reddy, and Rajaiah. George usually never spoke at meetings. Later in 1971, George used the name, Progressive Democratic Students in a pamphlet his group brought out after a skirmish with the ABVP.

In 1971, after the Indian intervention in Bangladesh, they had a meeting condemning the interference and the secret hand of the Soviet Union. Revolutionary poet MT Khan and firebrand advocate Prattipaati Venkateswarlu were among the speakers. George also took part in a fund raising campaign by the SYF called the East Bengal Fund to support the Mukti Bahini liberation forces.

GMC elections and aftermath

The Gandhi Medical College elections were the turning point in OU politics in the early seventies with a stand-off between the ABVP/RSS faction (who represented rightwing forces) and Left oriented groups. The RSS/ABVP raised the Red Scare, an old trick to create the myth of an Indian Red Army. They wrote letters in the name of the Indian Red Army, threatening the students with dire consequences at the GMC. At the GMC, students who put up a panel against the ABVP for the college elections in September 1971 were mauled badly. Pratap Reddy who contested for president was intimidated, and could not even sleep in the hostel. Three girls had canvassed for Pratap, Shobha (later his wife) and two others. They were mercilessly teased by the ABVP students and vulgarly abused. Shobha was so distressed that she wanted to leave the course halfway. The three girls met Pratap and asked him if he could tell George. When he did so, George responded immediately, kal jayenge. The next day at lunch time, George and Pratap took a bus and went to GMC. As soon as the ABVP students saw George, they vanished. George blasted Pratap, When these girls are suffering so much, how can you leave them? George did not do anything that day – he had just made his presence felt. The girls were never teased again.

The Left group panel there, while vocal about their politics, were unable to defend themselves or their supporters. They approached George, and he went there with his group. There was a small Left group formed by Bhaskar and Neelkant Iyer in Technology a little later, but this group had no answer for the muscle of the RSS. It was an esoteric group, its knowledge and thinking unavailable to other students. They had to look to George for protection.

George and his group slept at the GMC hostel for several days, and faced the most difficult period they had seen because the ABVP was powerful in the GMC. They went armed with hockey sticks, cycle chains, knuckle dusters and knives. It was after the GMC episode that the war between the two groups escalated and reached a point of no return.

Pratap Reddy and another student of his panel won the elections and this so enraged the BJP workers that on September 4, a group of uniformed RSS volunteers wielding lathis, beat up Left supporters in the medical college hostel. This angered George. "Maarenge, saale, unko," he is believed to have said.

On September 5, after lunch, he and his group went in two vehicles, one was Narayan Raju's Ambassador car and the other, a jeep driven by a prominent functionary of the Congress. They picked up mosquito rods from B hostel. It was a Sunday and the hostels usually have a non-vegetarian menu for Sunday lunch, so they went first to the hostels where they caught Narsimha Reddy near the changing rooms by the cricket ground behind the hostel. Mahipal picked up a large stone and hurled it at Narsimha Reddy who would have died if Narayan Raju had not deflected his throw. They also attacked and beat up Surdas Reddy. They assaulted and beat up Vidyasagar Rao (later to become union home minister and governor of Maharashtra) and Mohan outside the MLAs' hostel in Himayatnagar. They did not intend to go after anyone specifically except for Narayan Das, who they felt was the mastermind. The others were not targets. They had already picked up Narayan Das from Nallakunta but did not attack or beat him, as they considered him frail. At around 5 p.m, Narayan Das was left in his underclothes outside the police control room. The next day, when someone asked George why they had not beaten Narayan Das, he replied that it was below his dignity to do so.

The next day, on September 6, Narayan Das led a two hundred-strong crowd from Arts college to Engineering college. They broke up furniture in the college and sat on the steps of the college. Tammareddy Bharadwaraj and some others in the canteen thought they could resist them. By the time they went to the steps, the others with him ran away, and only a few were left behind. Surdas

Reddy and some others beat up Bharadwaj badly. Madhav Reddy (later to become Andhra Pradesh Home Minister) and Dinkar Reddy took him to Osmania hospital where he needed 15 stitches for a head injury. They also attacked the acting Vice-Chancellor and Principal of Engineering College, Abid Ali in his office. They then ransacked and looted the house of George's supporter Narayan Raju just outside the campus in the presence of a police contingent headed by Raji Reddy, S.I. Kachiguda P.S. They broke the window panes and some furniture, and terrorized the inmates, all this in the presence of the police contingent.

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On October 25th 1971, the University hostels were to conduct a youth festival. The ABVP group appointed an organising committee comprising mainly of its followers in utter disregard of the fact that it controlled only a few of the hostels. This became a bone of contention. The acting Vice-Chancellor passed an order requiring students who had not paid their mess bills to be evicted from the messes. The other paying mess students were shouldering the extra burden of freely feeding the ABVP/RSS faction and their supporters for fear of being attacked.[6] George's group complied with the order and evicted all students in arrears, including their own supporters. The ABVP/RSS supporters thus evicted, promptly enrolled in the third mess.

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[6] A, B, C and P.G. hostels have a common mess building. The rule is that any 30 or more residents of these hostels can operate a separate mess taking advantage of the common facilities. For convenience and economy, there were usually 3 messes - vegetarian, non-vegetarian and egg-eating vegetarian. At this time, two of the three were controlled by the George group and the third by ABVP/RSS supporters

George, Cyril, Mahipal, Yadgiri, Rajaiah and others had gone to represent to the Chief Warden and Chief Proctor BT Venkatachari (Physics professor), demanding the expulsion of ABVP/RSS volunteers from the messes who were eating without making payment. While making a representation to the Chief Warden in his office at 1.30 p.m on these two disputes, many ABVP/RSS supporters along with some hired goondas armed with knives and iron rods descended in two taxis and mounted an attack. George jumped up in an instant and attacked Surdas Reddy. Within seconds, his entire group jumped into the fray instantly. They used broken chairs to repel the attackers. They wrenched away the weapons of the assailants and repulsed the attack. In the melee, George and Yadgiri suffered stab wounds while the others had stick and hand injuries. They then proceeded, bandaged and bleeding to the Legislative Assembly and made a representation to Chief Minister P.V.Narasimha Rao. Police made a report that both sides had sustained injuries and no one party should take the blame. The pattern outlined earlier was repeated, with one major new factor – hired goons were freely brought in by the ABVP and these were treated on par with students by the administration.

George was one of the signatories to a petition to the CM on 15 November 1971, asking for deterrent action against the acts of violence committed in the campus.

Police arrested thirty three people of both groups and let them off on bail. The university was closed down. The State Home Minister summoned a conference of student leaders belonging to both groups. The Education Minister, acting Vice Chancellor and legislators belonging to all parties attended the meeting. By this time, it became known that the ABVP/ RSS faction had the support of two senior Cabinet ministers.

At this juncture, P.V Narasimha Rao was installed as a stop-gap CM. He was seeking to consolidate his position. This could be achieved only by weakening the faction led by his erstwhile patron, K. Brahmananda Reddy. The Socialist Youth Forum (SYF) because of its new found alliance with the Youth Congress had to be weakened, if not broken, by encouraging its opponents. The several cases booked on George and his supporters and the freedom with which the RSS was allowed to operate led many to believe that there was a larger strategy behind police action and inaction. P.V. Narsimha Rao's closeness to the RSS was also well-known. The presence of a hard core supporter in a sensitive area (Kachiguda police station sub inspector Raji Reddy) was no doubt part of the plan.

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Fights on the campus continued, and the skirmishes with the ABVP/RSS faction became more frequent. Prohibitory orders were passed in the campus and armed guards posted. The ABVP/RSS leaders now began to stay in lodgings in the city since they felt unsafe in the hostels. On the night of December 4th, half an hour after the armed guards had been withdrawn in view of the national emergency declared at that time, taxi loads of armed goondas and ABVP/RSS cadres raided two different hostels. What is intriguing is how they received advance information that the armed guards were to be withdrawn. Surdas and Lakhan came with two carloads of hired goons from Dhulpet PG hostel, went straight to Kulkarni's room, expecting to find George there. They found only Kulkarni whom they thrashed up severely and then went on to B hostel where they beat up Indrakaran Reddy and others. Indrakaran's ankle was fractured and Kulkarni's arm was broken at the elbow in that beating.

Maintains Kulkarni, "The GMC elections were a turning point. Though the T Nagi Reddy group students were powerful, they had no muscle power and George decided to help them. After the Leftists were beaten in the GMC elections, George got very angry and dragged all of us in September 1971 to beat up Vidyasagar Rao, Narayan Das and the others. Congress people also came with us. Though the Leftists belonged to the TN group, outwardly, they came under the Congress Socialist Forum (CSF). In retaliation, Surdas and Lakhan came with two carloads of Dhulpet rowdies on December 4, 1971 and beat me up and then went on to B hostel where they beat up Indrakaran Reddy and others. My arm was broken in that beating and after that, I stayed away from activities."

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On the night of February 24th 1972, while returning after canvassing for T. Anjaiah, George was waylaid and brutally assaulted by some persons who later also figured as prime accused for his murder. This took place just a few hundred yards away from his house, near a vacant plot between the NCC office bus stand and the residence of advocate Venugopal Reddy. People from Venugopal Reddy's house pulled him into their house and this saved George in the nick of time, as the knife wounds he had suffered earlier had weakened him considerably.

In his statement recorded at Gandhi Medical Hospital, George deposed before the investigating officer that Surdas Reddy, Lakhan Singh, Satyanarayana Reddy, Fathu Singh and other unknown persons had attacked him. Surdas's name was later removed from the FIR. The medical report showed that George had received some 25 blows with blunt weapons and one injury from a sharp edged weapon, but only a simple case of assault was filed on the attackers named by George. He told Narayan Raju who went to see him the next day in Gandhi hospital. "Kya maare re! Unse ladna seekhna. Laathi aise phiraye ki laathi ko laathi bina lage maara re!'Was this just bravado? Or an appreciation of violence for its own sake? It was mostly men who narrated George's life, and were they glorifying the bravado and machismo? George was a fighter who appreciated the science and skill of fighting - he really appreciated their skill despite suffering pain.

These were then the events that led to April 14. The roads that led to George's house were lonely and it was now clear that returning on foot late on these roads would not be safe. Umashankar recalls that on the night of April

13, George had come down from the OU library and stayed on late at the Arts College canteen conferring with his friends. George's mother had requested Umashankar, 'If it gets late, please forcibly keep George back in the campus. The lane outside our house is not very safe.' So he brought him over to his room. They talked till late in the night and went to sleep at about 2.30 pm. In the morning when George left, he wore someone else's pants, and his jeans were left behind in Umashankar's room. Kulkarni recalls differently, "Even after I became inactive, he stayed with me, so we met every day, at least at night, when he came to sleep. I think he had left home. The night before he was killed, he slept in my room."

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George's murder saw the University administration closing down all campus colleges of OU including Technology and Engineering colleges from 15th morning, to pre-empt any disturbances. Despite this, spontaneous rallies were taken out by students. At the condolence meeting on April 17 in the Arts College, hundreds of students heard the speakers who included the Vice-Chancellor pay tribute to George and unabashedly wept as his life was remembered and the events that ended it were recounted. The assembly hall in the Arts College building where the meeting was held was packed to capacity with boys, girls, teachers and principals of different colleges in spite of the University being closed. Vice Chancellor Dr Narotham Reddy said that a brilliant career had been cut short by fate. It was even more tragic when a person imbued with the spirit of revolt against the evils of society had been wiped out in a ghastly manner, he said, especially when the bud was blooming into a flower.

N.V.Subba Rao, principal of OU Science College said that in the death of George Reddy, Osmania University had lost a brilliant student. Student leaders described George as a man of conviction and courage, and a hardworking and brilliant student. At the condolence meeting, the students decided to institute a gold medal for M.Sc (Physics) and three rolling trophies, one each for an all-India essay writing competition, all- India elocution competition and one for the best sportsperson for the year, in memory of George Reddy. Condolence meetings were held in a number of colleges in Hyderabad. Rallies were taken out in many towns of Telangana. There was a huge procession the next day, on April 15 in Warangal organised by Kirti Gyaneshwar, Swarajyam and Surineni Satyanarayana. It was not as if George had gone to these towns and met students and people there. They had heard of him and his work and were stunned to know that such a bright young life was cut short. Here was this bright brilliant young student who was organising students against right-wing communal forces, and whose bravery was phenomenal. He had been killed by a right-wing gang and students were outraged.

Barely fifteen days after the death, an Anti Communal Day was organised by his friends and followers, and a rally of about 4,000 - 6,000 students, something unheard of those days for an unorganised group, was taken out converging on Nizam College. Later that year, the national Youth Congress meet at Kerala named its venue as George Reddy Nagar in homage to him. Srinath Reddy recalls, "Some of my friends in Osmania University commented that it was not fair to George that he should be now be totally identified with the Youth Congress when his core ideology was Marxist. I replied that George would be remembered for all that he was and that the association with the Youth Congress was only a small part of that persona."

Reflecting student outrage, politicians opposed to the RSS also moved. On May 16, around 150 MPs belonging to various political parties urged PM Indira Gandhi to introduce legislation in the current session of Parliament banning the RSS. In a joint letter to the PM, they demanded a CBI enquiry into the murder of George Reddy. Signatories included Subhadra Joshi, KD Malaviya and Chandrasekhar (Congress), Hiren Mukherjee (CPI), Mohammed Ismail (CPM), Madhu Dandavate (SP), Surendra Mohanty (Utkal Congress), Ibrahim Sulaiman Sait (ML) and Marjorie Godfrey (nominated).

On the day George was murdered, there were clearly policemen on bandobust outside the hostel. George and his group had made complaints on 11 April, 1972, to the Vice Chancellor, Principal and warden, asking for their expulsion from the premises. The police was also informed. Why were these goondas allowed to stay? How did the state allow the murderers to escape scot-free? Was it the last day of service for the judge who gave the acquittal order? Were his services extended the next day by the Chief Minister? The role of Badrivishal Pittie, former local MLA of the Dhulpet area, was also questioned. Why was his car used by the murderers to flee from the scene? Why was he funding the murderers for their trial?

A special Branch (C.I.D.) report dated April 11th informed the district police, "Lakhan Singh does not have sufficient physical support in the campus. He is moving 50 goondas from Dhoolpet into the University with a view to committing acts of violence." The district police doubled armed guards in the hostels and could not have been oblivious to the presence of outside elements and the collection of knives, lathis and chains that were later recovered from the arsenals in rooms 21 and 47. Some ex-students involved in the incident had earlier been barred by the IVth city Magistrate, in the course of trial for the December 4th incidents, from entry into the campus. Police were well aware of the ban and its defiance by the party camped in the hostel. The University authorities had been informed in writing by Cyril on the afternoon of April 14th. The hostel warden was asked to report on the presence of outsiders in the hostels but whether out of fear or sympathy, made a report that he had not found it necessary to enter the hostel in view of the strong guard.

There are several prevailing views on his murder. While many believe that it was a conspiracy of the state (with a pro-RSS Chief Minister PV Narsimha Rao) to kill George, there are others at the other end of the spectrum like Indrasain Reddy who believe that it was unplanned, that these kind of attacks happened very frequently during elections. Many of George's friends continue even today, to believe it to be a conspiracy. Rajari and Ramchandar together recall, Once George told us, 'Ye PV Narsimha Rao aa gaya hai. Ye RSS aadmi hai. Bahut danger hai apne ko.' When we said that he was a Congressman, George said, 'No, no, he is an RSS man!' and explained his background. It is a credible theory that George was murdered because the right-wing, both in the ABVP and Congress feared his rise.

SC (Sessions Court chargesheet) No. 29 of 1972 was filed in the court of the Additional Sessions Judge, Hyderabad against Thakur Lakhan Singh, Bhakta Surdas Reddy, C. Ravindra Reddy, Ch. Narsimha Reddy, Ando Satyanarayana, P. Jayaprakash Narayan, Fathu Singh, V. Satyanarayana Reddy and Dr. S. Madhav Rao. On 14 September 1972, all the accused were acquitted. Sridharmurthy was the only one among George's friends who attended court on the day of judgement. It was a foregone conclusion that the judge was to acquit all the accused. They were even ready with sweets before the judgement was delivered. Public Prosecutor K. Jayachandra Reddy went in appeal to the High Court in 1973 but this was dismissed and the case was closed.

Chapter Six

A REBEL EXTRAORDINAIRE

It is not an easy task to fathom a versatile and complex personality like George's. Especially so when only the last three years of his life, from 1969 –1972 are known to his close friends, associates and supporters.

He was an intensely private person. None of his friends knew about the circumstances of his family or what he felt about it. He was also not part of any organized movement, he had no guru, no leader, no mentor. He had put together a world vision by the sheer force of his own intellect. The reticent, quiet boy from Warangal had blossomed, drawing people to him like bees to a fragrant flower. His good friends and followers consisted of English-speaking city bred students, rural Telugu-speaking students from all castes, the Class IV employees of the campus and their children, unemployed youth, petty shopkeepers, dadas and girl students. To better handle the diversity, George preferred to treat the different groups in separate compartments. There were different study groups for different sets of people, but all the groups shared a common bond with George. Says Shantha, 'I understood from Ajay the strong bonds between the boys in this group – there was a strong sense of loyalty, friendship, 'I will die for you' was part of the vocabulary of culture among them.'

Teacher and Academic

Right from his school days George was always helping out his friends and classmates with their academic work.

Pratap recalls that George read up Anatomy to teach him while he was studying medicine and finding subjects difficult. Narayan Raju, a student of engineering, also recalls that George read up engineering mathematics to teach him the subject. Rajari's humorous take, Once, we had a problem in Physics and went to him, asking him to explain it to us. Initially, he didn't explain, but talked to us instead of Russia, capitalism and a whole lot of other matters. Later, when he did explain, he showed it in 4 steps, I didn't understand anyway, but when I submitted my assignment in the way he had explained, I got through.

Ashok Bhatnagar narrates a similar experience, "He used to help us in our subjects. He would not have to look at the book, he would simply take out pen and paper and work out complicated problems for us. He was brilliant."

He encouraged others to read and understand a subject/ topic from the basics. He never tired of mentioning that if you learn and understand a subject properly, you will surely master it. In M.Sc (previous), there was a tough paper and students complained that it was out of the syllabus. George scored 84 and the next mark behind him was 41. George's capacity to read his subjects was from an early age. Patel recalled, "The students had gone to write their Chemistry paper for the H.Sc (Matric) exam, to the examination centre at Chaderghat. While they were discussing the subject just before the exam, George said, Is it Physics? We told him, No, it is Chemistry. He had not prepared for a Chemistry exam, thinking that it was Physics. Without an iota of preparation, he topped the

Board in that exam." In spite of the variations in standards and syllabi of different states, George always topped his class and always had a group of students flocking around him who felt that they could profit from his intelligence. It was clear that here was a boy with the potential to excel academically.

After the Telangana agitation when mass copying became a phenomenon in OU, George was one of the few people who refused to copy. When asked why, he replied "I consider it below my sense of dignity and self- esteem."

George was an avid and ardent reader. His schedule of reading was rigorous. George was in the library at 8.30 in the morning and he would attend to his classes or academic work after that. He was not one to learn by rote, he pared concepts down to their basics and his concentration was so intense that he would not know who sat next to him when he was reading or studying. He was a zealous note-taker, his writing filling up the pages completely so that not a bit of white space was wasted. He never neglected his studies nor ever encouraged others to be negligent. He encouraged his friends to read too and there was a small group which read in the library every day – the rules were that they could read anything, but should not talk amongst themselves. One day, there was a fight in the campus, and his friends thought that he wouldn't be able to come. He turned up even that day.

He detested smoking and drinking. To those who picked up their first cigarette when he was there, he would remonstrate strongly and tell them not to pick up the bad habit. He would ask his friends studying to be doctors why they smoked when they knew about the bad effects of nicotine. In the Engineering College, George had a good fighting group headed by his brother Cyril, the others being Rajaiah, Mahipal and Yadgiri. Wherever George spoke of ideology, they followed him, wherever they had a fight, he would join them. This group frequently drank alcohol and George would severely reprimand them and tell them to stop drinking. He would get very angry when they allowed a rookie or novice to drink with them.

"He was a natural leader, imposing, and a good fighter and the boys were jovial but serious in their work. They looked up to George and they had complete confidence in him. None of them spoke when he did and yet the discussions were warm and cordial," recalls PK Murthy. As his political understanding deepened and his commitment sharpened, George began to change in his eating habits too. He was now eating only twice a day, sometimes only once. This was not just in sympathy with the starving millions, but to also accustom his body to the privations that must lie ahead.

Some students thought that the fights on campus represented a turf war between two groups, some others thought that George was a goonda. But accounts of him emphasize his gentleness. "He was very very gentle. It really hurts me when people say that George was violent," says Pratap Pothuloori. His friends often referred to him as `bhola' as he often took people at face value, trusted them and believed them to be good. But George responded with fearless immediacy to violence and injustice, and there is no doubt that he did not hesitate to meet violence with violence. From the accounts of his friends, this gentleness and this reaction to injustice both appear to be intrinsic to a character that would not tolerate oppression.

George – as the college girl remembers him

Mala Pasha came to know George on campus: "I knew him for a very short period, and rather distantly. Still, he evoked hero worship. In the Arts College, we had formed a group – The Club. I remember that the ABVP supporters beat up Ranga Rao whom we had elected as president of the club, with sticks; he had to have stitches in the hospital. They didn't want boys and girls mixing. I was sitting in the fountain in front of Arts College feeling very sorry for myself, I couldn't understand anything, everything to them is about something else, when George came down and sat next to me.

I remember he had large brown eyes, had a very gentle countenance and spoke perfect English. He asked me my name and how I liked university, how I was doing. It all came out like a flood. I poured out all my woes. He could empathise. After I had finished, he started explaining that these boys came from villages, had no exposure, they don't understand someone like you, etc. Later on, we would meet and chat often. I was very well-read, sufficiently introduced to philosophy, believed strongly in equality. He introduced Marxism to me and invited me to their meetings. George could invoke hero-worship. He didn't stand out in a crowd, but when you met him, he inspired you. He was a little man. I was very militant about women's rights and I think he supported me. You see, this was why I had a bad time in the college, and he reached out to me. I remember the dynamism, the fanaticism in his eyes. He thought that he could change the world and others thought he could too.

He started giving me literature. He would tell me how we needed to toughen ourselves to work in the villages, change things, etc. I would skip a meal, sleep on the bare floor on the terrace in the winter, fight for a better deal for our servants, because George would tell us that we had to empathise with the poor and prepare ourselves for a battle ahead. I probably met him less than ten times, but he had this ability, when he spoke to you, to give you his complete attention and all his time.

We pined to spend more time with him. He was gentle, inspiring, strong. To me, he meant comfort. George would sit with his legs crossed, one rubber chappal shod foot showing. He walked very fast in those rubber chappals, as if there wasn't time for the things he wanted to do in this world, but when he sat down to talk with you, it was as if he had all the time in the world."

Leading from the front

George's fearlessness was well known. In 1971, George and his friends went to Nellore for an election campaign. They went in a jeep provided by their candidate. It was a hot summer's morning, and they were itching for a good cool bath. Look out, look out for the next pond, they told each other. While nearing Nellore in the morning, they stopped by a cool inviting lake. As they stretched their tired limbs, some going off into the bush, some others warming themselves up, a young lad herding goats watched them curiously.

From where have you come, he asked them. From Hyderabad, said Shareef. What you want here, he asked.

We want to bathe in your lake, said Shareef. Oh, but there is a crocodile in the lake, he said. Last week, it got hold of the leg of a woman washing clothes and dragged her in, he said. The eager group now hung back. Who wanted to pick up a fight with a croc? Suddenly George stripped down to his underpants, pulled out a switch blade and rushed into the water, knife in hand like Tarzan. He started bathing. Tell him, tell him that there is a crocodile in there, the boy shrieked. George signaled to the others, who now gingerly stepped into the water, had a quick bath and got out in double quick time.

On their way back from the campaign in Nellore, there was no jeep and they came to Renigunta junction to board a train. With only unreserved tickets, they jumped into an unreserved bogie of the next express train towards Kazipet that came to the station. They found paramilitary jawans sleeping full length on all the seats, forcing other ticket holders to stand all the way. One of the group requested the jawans "Bhaisaheb, zara uthiye, hum bhi yahan bait sakthe hain." The jawans did not even bother to reply and sneered. George suddenly jerked the nearest person by his collar, and yanked him up and asked everyone else to occupy the seats. The students, commuters and other passengers sat down, now getting the courage to nudge the jawans and make place for themselves. When the train stopped in the next station, the doors opened and dozens of paramilitary personnel swarmed in. Abusing the students, they evicted them from the train. The same passengers who had sat comfortably thanks to George's strong protests, watched silently without speaking a word in support. Who wanted to clash with the military? The train was really a near complete paramilitary train bound for the north.

Did George join any political formation?

According to his close friend Kulkarni, "The four months of George's life before he was killed in April were crucial ones. He became a radical then. We would discuss and compare the different revolutionary struggles and more particularly about the successful revolutions in China, Cuba and Vietnam. These discussions would take us to the military lines, tactics, of these revolutions and to their success in achieve power through armed struggle. What is the role people have in a revolution? Should it be through their participation? Is our individual commitment and dedication not enough to rouse the masses?? There was fire in George and he was highly motivated by Che Guevara. He would say 'I am ready for revolution, my readiness is enough to carry the people."

After George's murder, his entire group joined the CP-ML faction led by Chandra Pulla Reddy. What were George's own impressions and had he thrown in his lot with any particular group? Some time before his death, he had met intellectuals from different groups, trade unionists, student activists, youth leaders, and representatives of CP-ML groups. They probably sought him out as they wanted to win this influential campus leader over to support and join their particular entity. His friends report that he seemed to be impressed with a couple of individuals, saying "If this is the caliber, commitment and sheer dedication of these persons, I am convinced that my place is with them." However, not enough is known about this matter to conclude that he had thrown in his lot with one or the other entity[1]. But it was clear that he had made up his mind to give up his much loved Physics research in favour of full time work for revolution.

This is particularly important to underscore, as in the years after his death, the revolutionary movement in Andhra Pradesh welled up strongly and many organizations claimed his legacy. It is commonplace to see him being praised as a hero and martyr in gatherings of different organizations. George Reddy was transformed into a powerful symbol of the democratic, progressive and radical student protest in the state, and memorial debates, anniversaries and related gatherings in his remembrance continued to be held regularly.

As in life, so in death, George Reddy continues to inspire many. Meeting life on his own terms, he breathed, lived and died by his dictum:

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[1] Murthy PK notes, I recall pressurising George to join a political formation as local politics needed to be linked up with global politics for change. He realised the need of being organised and of joining an organisation, thus he met at that time some leaders of revolutionary groups.

"Jeena hai to marna seekho, kadam kadam
par ladna seekho"
(Learn to die, if you want to live
Learn to struggle, at every step)

A favourite quote of George's from Che Guevara:
"Whenever death may surprise us, let it be welcome, if our battle cry has reached even one receptive ear and another hand reaches out to take up our arms."

Lal Salaam, Gaddar

The warriors, the students full of light...
They fought with courage, the theme of every fight,
Land, livelihood, our country's liberation.
Oh, warriors! Accept the Lal Salaam of crores of our people..

The great man
Who made goondas shiver with fear
He, the ember of fire that lit the campus to burn out injustice
Oh, traveller, who came on the path of socialism
Unmowed by a thousand knife wounds,
Oh brave, immortal warrior, accept our Lal Salaam.

Translation: Gita Ramaswamy

Sai, sai,[1] George Reddy

Cherabanda Raju

Sai, sai, our George Reddy, sai sai
You stood for truth and samadharma
Inspired by the armed peasants of Naxalbari, the
Adivasi warriors of Srikakulam,
You discovered the way and died fighting, oh warrior!
Sai, sai, George Reddy

You understood that learning means public service
That aspiring for posts implies cheating people
You are a revolutionary intellectual who did not
surrender to degrees and awards,
Sai, sai, George Reddy

The RSS, the ruling class and the judiciary,
Your martyrdom proclaimed that these three are not
different,
Sai, sai, George Reddy

Communalists, moderates – you fought them and
buried them under
Death is like a garland for you in this fight
You have become an ideal for us
Sai, sai, George Reddy

Jeena hai to marna seekho, kadam kadam pe ladna seekho!
This is your life-breath, Sai, sai, George Reddy
We won't stop, we will never stop, we will carry on
your struggle

---

[1] An onomatopoeic word, an imitative and naturally suggestive word for rhetorical, dramatic, or poetic effect.

Translation: Gita Ramaswamy

George Reddy amar rahega

Mitra (Amar)

The nectar in the mandara (hibiscus)
The reflection of the lotus
Like light on dark, the roar of the hungry,
George Reddy is immortal, George Reddy is immortal.

Chorus
The pole star of revolution,
Che Guevara in his initial steps,
Learn to die if you want to live,
You are George, you are the roar of people,
Learn to struggle at every step,
You are George, you are the roar of people.
Velugulo....

The wind that blows, like a revolutionary raga on Vietnam
(You) opened the doors of global education for freedom
Naxalbari, spring thunder, like lightning
Like the young sprout that raises its head to the drops of rain
You are the call that awakened every heart, knocking at their doors.
You are the flute
Truth, equality, search – you are the pioneer
You are the revolt on that path. Velugulo......

Stunned at the plight of the unfortunate
Burning with rage, you leapt up
Fundamentalism and goonda raj, with their tentacles everywhere
Work is the lesson, knowledge is the window which moves us

Time gave birth to you
You are the gait of history, you are the world of new dreams,
Even though the communalists cut you down,
You live,
and gave rise to many generations of revolutionaries.
Velugulo..........
Four and ten nadaswaram and nagaras playing,
Your immortality, the inspiration – then and now,
The wave of the movement in Osmania University surging and leaping
The flag of the raised fist, as it waves about in the wind
All along the way, modugu flowers,
Welcoming you, blooming with revolt and resistance,
In your steps, following you
Youth has risen, the new era is coming.

The pole star of revolution,
Che Guevara in his initial steps,
The wind blowing through the conch of the revolution
The troupe of revolutionary fighters arose, marched, and challenged
You are George, you are the roar of people,
The blood that flowed when the knives stabbed became the warrior's vermillion (*veer tilakam*), the vermillion of the revolutionary struggle (*viplava poru tilakam*).
It also became the unwipeable letters written on the forehead of history that are yours
It became the arms for the revolution
You are George, you are the roar of people.

Translation: Gita Ramaswamy

George is always with us!

George's blood flowed
When Shambuka's head was severed

Do you hear! How far will the obscurantists go?
Look! The rule of violence
Put in place by the ruling class
That is why Mahatma Phule began the Satyashodak Samaj
That is why Babasaheb became the bush fire of untouchability
Kaliyugam joins Treta yugam
Their feet march in unison
The upper castes are hunting in the untouchable hamlets
Shambuka's head was severed
Because he said that Rama's was an irreligious fight
George was stabbed and killed because he fought against goondaism.

George's blood flowed
When Shambuka's head was severed

Jallianwala Bagh of the cruel white lord Dyer
Is here
The birth of Lenin, the charioteer of world revolution
Is now
Hamara naam, tumhara naam, sabka naam Vietnam,
The month when victory was achieved
Is always new in history, always renewed

Shall we sing loudly?
The month of April
The beautiful dreams of so many warriors
The clenched fists are raised
George is always with us!

Mitra
PDSU, Vijrumbhana, Arunodaya

Translation: Gita Ramaswamy

Spark

Friend!
On a soil filled with selfishness
With the plough of knowledge you ploughed
You wanted to reap equality
For the liberation of the oppressed poor
You wanted to conscientize people
Night and day you worked
But, the khaddar clad traitors
The cunning capitalists who talk of socialism
Communalist pigs under them
The drunk hired assassins
In front of policemen
They killed you.

Friend!
But did these mad wretches know
That if they kill one George
Thousands of Georges will emerge?
They filed a case in court
As if they were defenders of justice
But what justice can be there in bourgeois courts set up by
This goonda system which talks as if it represents people?
Friend! That is what happened.
Justice was crushed beneath the wheels of the ruling class chariot.
Outside the village near the cemeteries near the tamarind grove

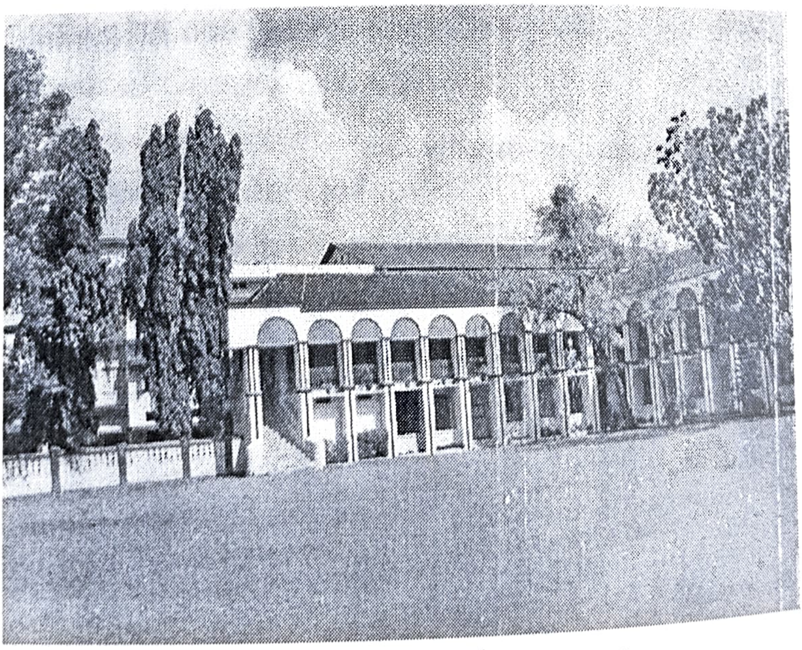
Morality saw the tombs and wept and sobbed.
Dharma became poverty stricken, roamed streets for
aims
Adharma ruled.

No, friend, no! We won't leave your path
We are laying the road on the path you walked
We are your heirs
Friend! We have no fear.
The old milestones have become dust
The world knows that your path is the true one
And follows you
Marx's dictum that man should recognize man as man,
and scientific socialism
Your dictum above
Youth adores this.
Your dictum scalds the capitalists
Now, the flames rage.

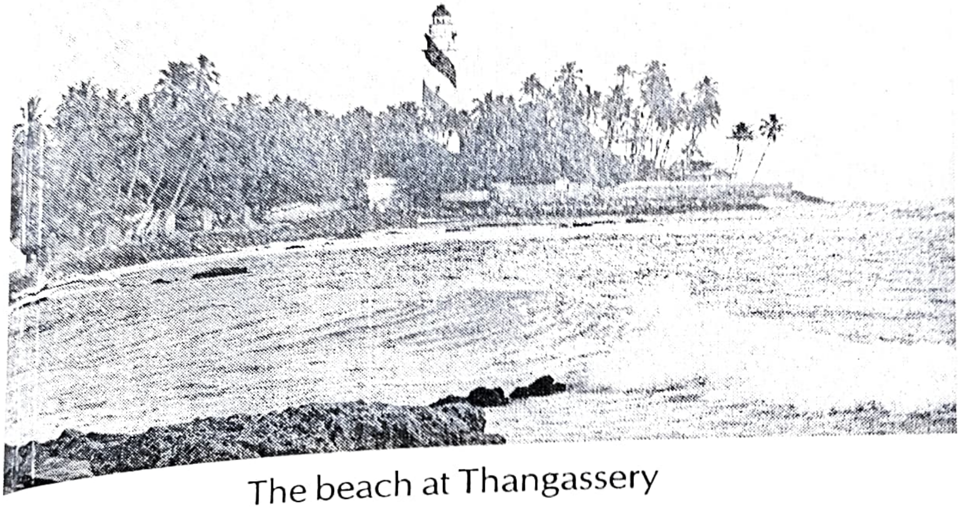
M. Ramulu

Translation: Gita Ramaswamy

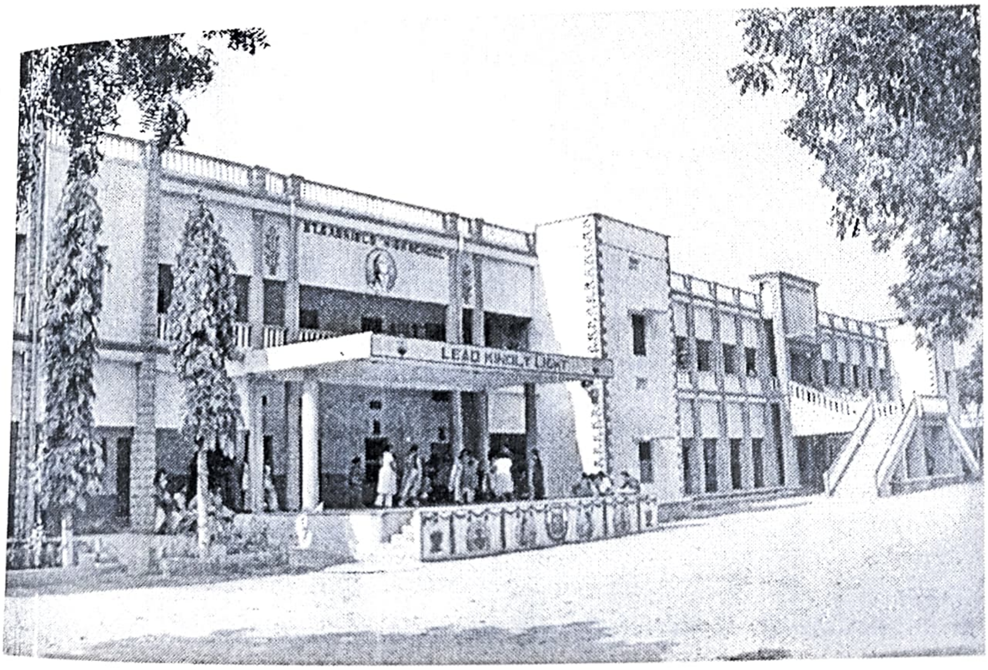
Leila and Raghunatha Reddy on their wedding day



Infant Jesus School, Thangassery



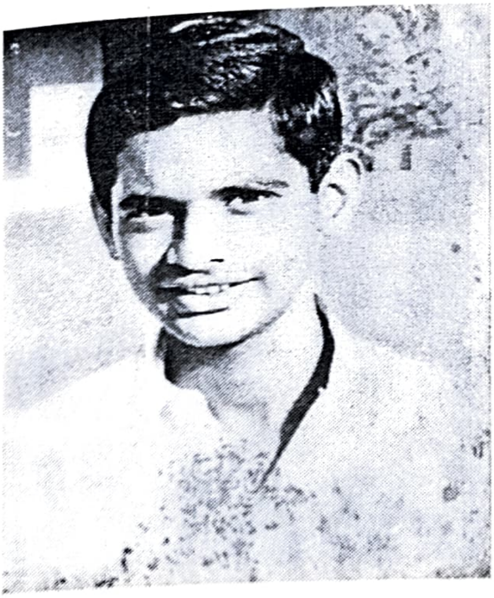
The beach at Thangassery



St. Gabriel's school, Warangal

Four year old George in Tambaram, Chennai

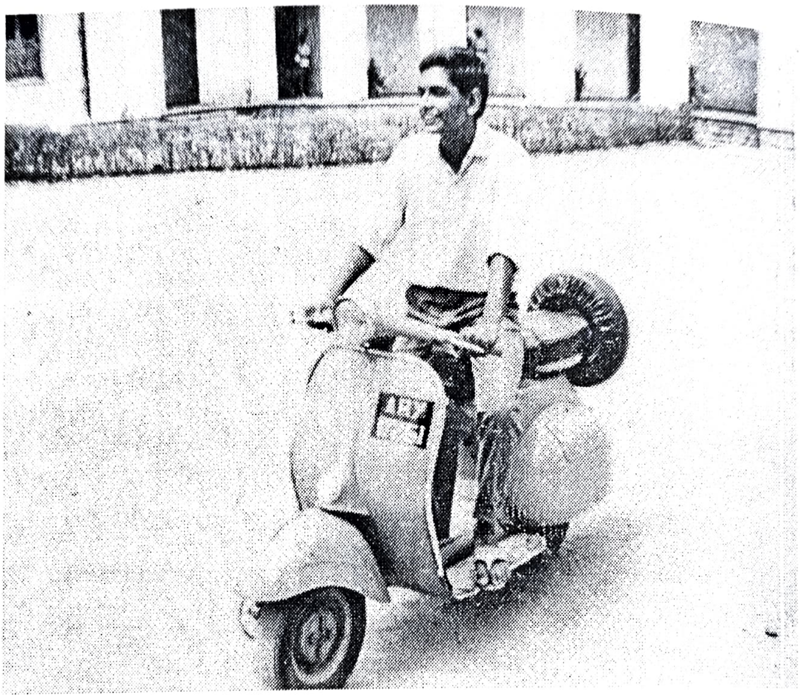
George with siblings
Top left Dawn, Karl, Joy
Front from left George, Cyril



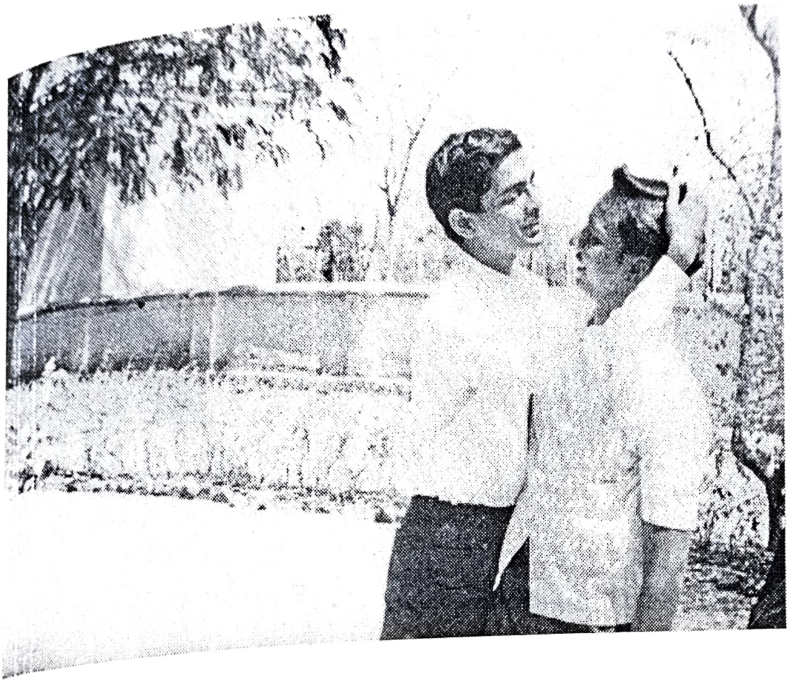
The young George

George at college

George at college



Acting in a play



In his graduate days with friends

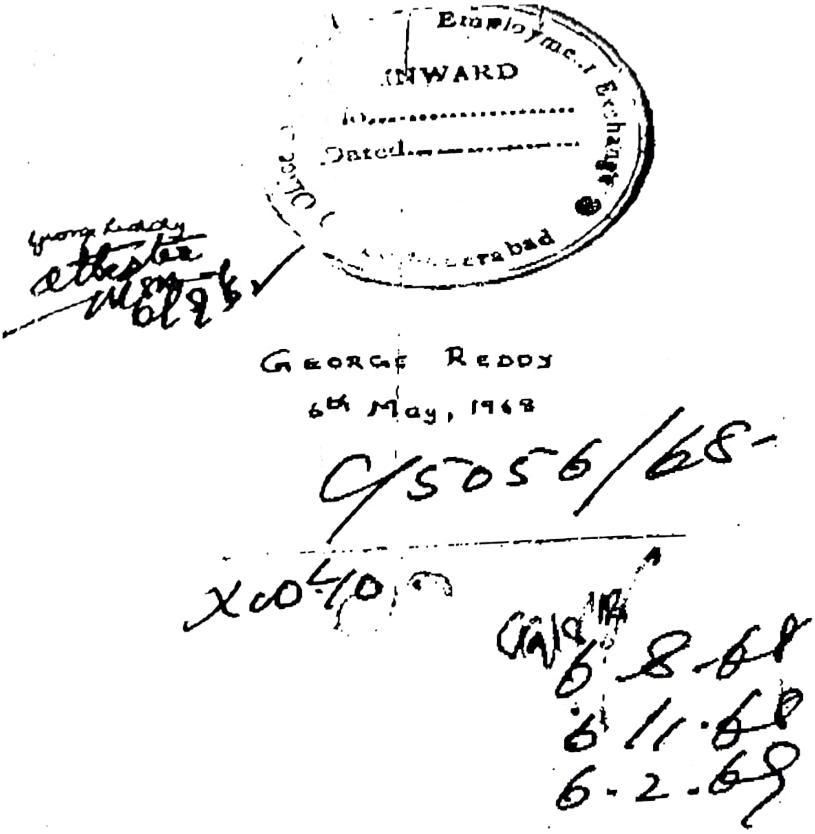
George, second from right

George, second from left

George, second from left

In Nizam college, seated, second from right

George, seated to the right of Congress leader T. Anjaiah



Employment Exchange

Hyderabad

INWARD

No.……………………

Dated.……………………

attested

GEORGE REDDY

6th May, 1968

C/5056/68-

X0410

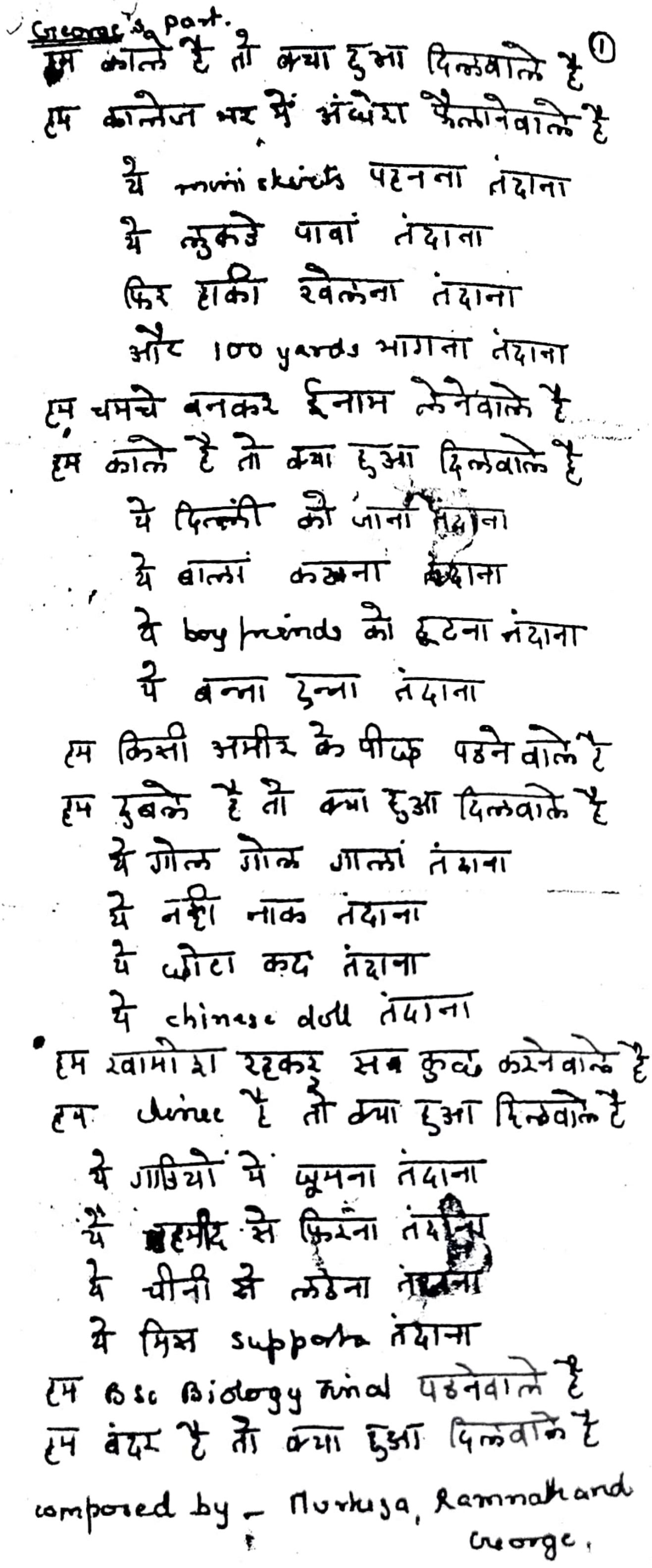
6-8-68

6-11-68

6-2-69

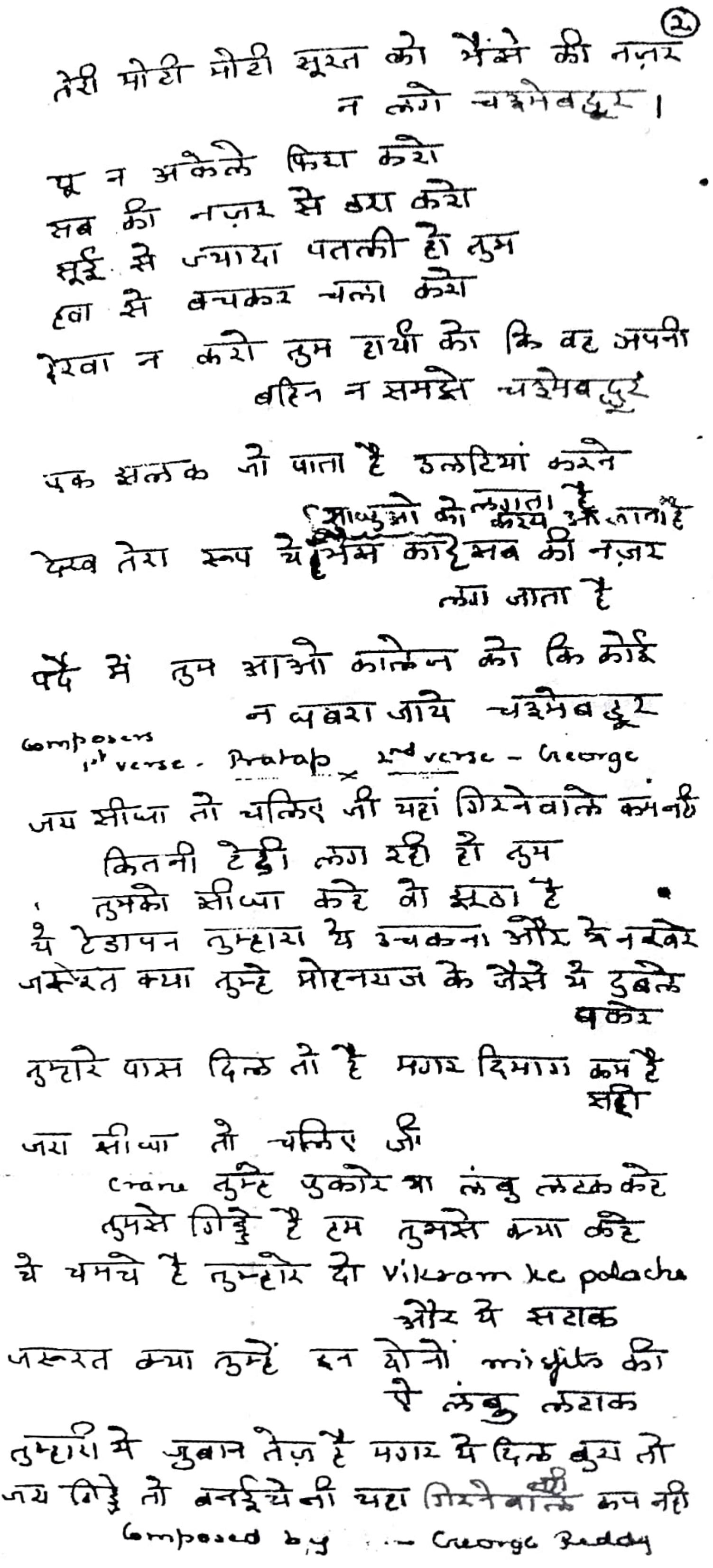
George's employment card, his signature top left

Ghazals composed and written by George



George's part.
हम काले है तो क्या हुआ दिलवाले है ①
हम कालेज भर में अंधेरा फैलानेवाले है
ये mini skirts पहनना तंदाना
ये लुकडे पावां तंदाना
फिर हाकी खेलना तंदाना
और 100 yards भागना तंदाना
हम चमचे बनकर इनाम लेनेवाले है
हम काले है तो क्या हुआ दिलवाले है
ये दिल्ली को जाना तंदाना
ये बालां कटाना तंदाना
ये boy friends को ढूटना तंदाना
ये बन्ना ठन्ना तंदाना
हम किसी अमीर के पीछे पढनेवाले है
हम दुबले है तो क्या हुआ दिलवाले है
ये गोल गोल गालां तंदाना
ये नक्टी नाक तंदाना
ये छोटा कद तंदाना
ये chinese doll तंदाना
हम खामोश रहकर सब कुछ करनेवाले है
हम chinese है तो क्या हुआ दिलवाले है
ये गाडियों में घूमना तंदाना
ये हमीद से फिरना तंदाना
ये चीनी से लडना तंदाना
ये मिस्र supports तंदाना
हम B.Sc Biology final पढनेवाले है
हम बंदर है तो क्या हुआ दिलवाले है

composed by – Murtuja, Ramnath and George.



②

तेरी मोटी मोटी सूरत को भैंसे की नज़र
न लगे चश्मेबद्दूर।

यूं न अकेले फिरा करो
सब की नज़र से डरा करो
सूई से ज्यादा पतली हो तुम
हवा से बचकर चला करो
रेखा न करो तुम हाथी को कि वह अपनी
बहिन न समझे चश्मेबद्दूर

एक झलक जो पाता है उलटियां करने
साधुओं को लगाता है करय आ जाता है
देख तेरा रूप ये भैंस का है सब की नज़र
लग जाता है

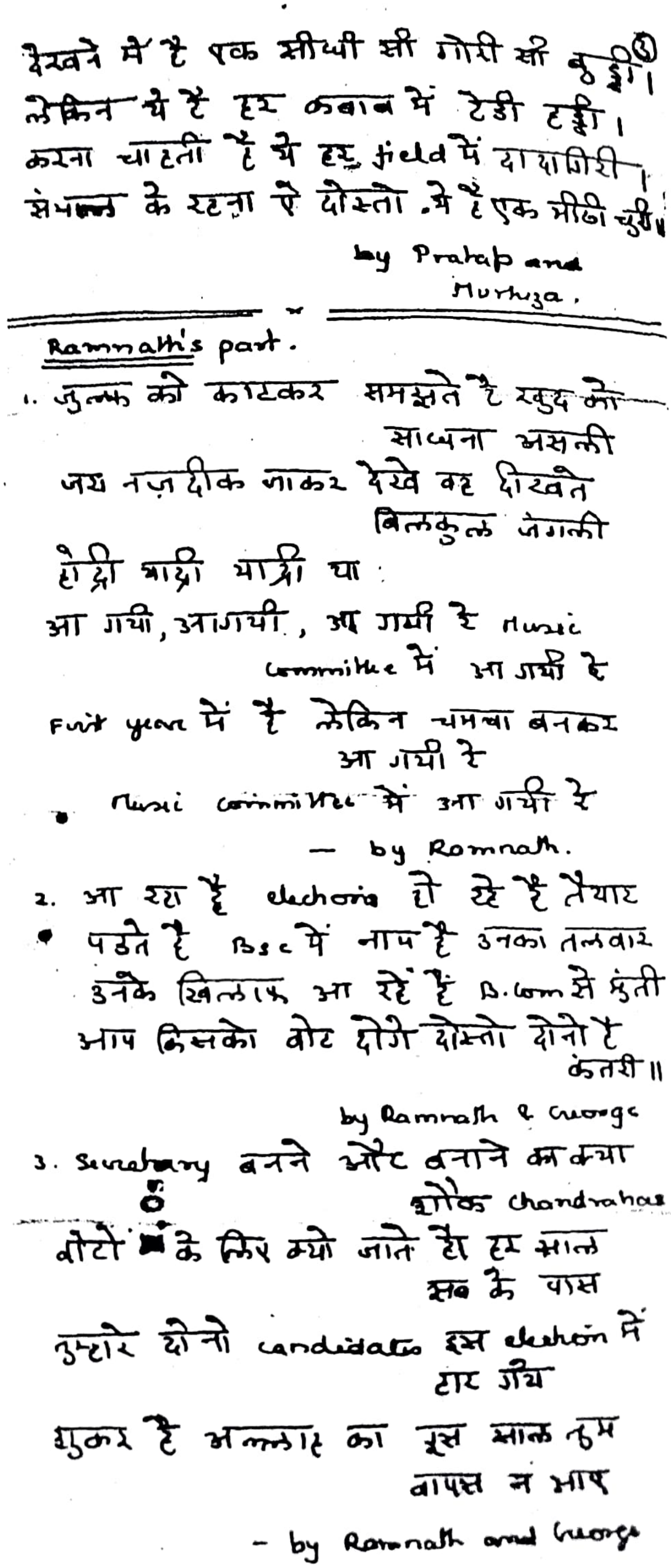
पर्दे में तुम आओ कालेज को कि कोई
न घबरा जाये चश्मेबद्दूर

composers
1st verse - Pratap x 2nd verse - George

जय सीधा तो चलिए जी यहां गिरनेवाले कम नहीं
कितनी टेढ़ी लग रही हो तुम
तुमको सीधा कहे वो झूठा है
ये टेढ़ापन तुम्हारा ये उचकना और ये नखरे
जरूरत क्या तुम्हें मोरनयज के जैसे ये दुबले
बकेर

तुम्हारे पास दिल तो है मगर दिमाग कम है
सही

जरा सीधा तो चलिए जी
Crane तुम्हें पुकारें या लंबु लटककर
तुमसे गिड़े हैं हम तुमसे क्या कहें
ये चमचे हैं तुम्हारे दो Vikram ke palacha
और ये सटाक
जरूरत क्या तुम्हें इन दोनों misfits की
ये लंबु लटाक
तुम्हारी ये जुबान तेज़ है मगर ये दिल कुछ तो
जय गिड़े तो बनाइये नी यहां गिरनेवाली कम नहीं
Composed by — George Reddy



देखने में है एक सीधी सी गोरी सी कुड़ी ③।
लेकिन ये है हर कबाब में टेढ़ी हड्डी।
करना चाहती है ये हर field में दादागिरी।
संभल के रहना ऐ दोस्तो, ये है एक मीठी चुरी।।

by Pratap and
Murtuza.

* * *

Ramnath's part.

1. ज़ुल्फ़ को काटकर समझते है खुद को
साधना असली
जब नज़दीक जाकर देखे वह दिखते
बिल्कुल जंगली
होद्री भाद्री याद्री था :
आ गयी, आ गयी, आ गयी है Music
committee में आ गयी है
First year में है लेकिन चमचा बनकर
आ गयी है
• Music committee में आ गयी है

— by Ramnath.

2. आ रहा है elections हो रहे है तैयार
• पढ़ते है BSc में नाम है उनका तलवार
उनके खिलाफ़ आ रहे हैं B.Com से मुंती
आप किसको वोट दोगे दोस्तो दोनो है
कतरी ।।

by Ramnath & George

3. Secretary बनने और बनाने का क्या
शौक Chandrahas
वोटों के लिए क्यो जाते हो हर साल
सब के पास
तुम्हारे दोनो candidates इस election में
हार गये
शुकर है अल्लाह का इस साल तुम
वापस न आए

– by Ramnath and George

④

4. गिद्धी है वो मोटी है वो कहते हैं हम उसको
Gibbon
मटकती है अकड़ती है होता उसका सबसे
संगम
सुन ले ऐ. छोटी रे मोटी तुझसे अच्छे
देखे हैं चप्पन
Ashraf तु भी सनके हो जायेगा
उसका किसी और से लगान

-by Pratap

5. हर दिल में संवरने का जुनून नज़र आता है
Trinochin भी मुझे अब तो लैला नज़र आता
है
जुल्फों के कट जाने से क्या नज़र आता है
जिस लड़की को तुम देखो वो लड़का नज़र
आता है

— Ali Abid

6. वो हर Jun में हो गये रतन हल्के हल्के
गुस्से में भी दिखा है हंसी हल्के हल्के
फैशन के चक्कर में जुल्फ कटा को
Tommy बनते जा रहे Tom हल्के हल्के
अटक को मटक को — मटक को छटक को
जनु बनते जा रे हकेन हल्के हल्के
वो टाईट ~~[illegible]~~ स्कर्टों पर वो बालों
जमाना
सनम अब तो बन रहे चमन हल्के हल्के ॥

-by Ali Abid

7). Rummy, rum, races की शौकों मे पटकर
कर रहे प्यार के प्यार को रहन हल्के हल्के
न मिलने की दावत न चोटी का खला
खतम होते जा रहे रसम हल्के हल्के

— Ali Abid.

(5)

Fallah's post.

1) सुनले ये दोस्तो - अगर electronic में ये बार कोई contest करना चाहे तो ये हो इनकी qualification.

a) चिकनी सी सूरत हो
b) औरत न मर्द हो
c) दवाईयों का कंपनी हो
d) लोहे का टट्टू हो
e) palacho का लट्टू हो
f) चमचों का सदर हो
g) Cars का broker हो
h) पैसों का robber हो

Qualification ये न हो अगर
तो भूलके भी न आना इस डगर ||

— by Pratap.

2) उछलकर चलती है नाम है उसका Tommy
उसके जुल्फों को देखकर याद आता मेरा कुत्ता Johnny

— by Ramnath and George

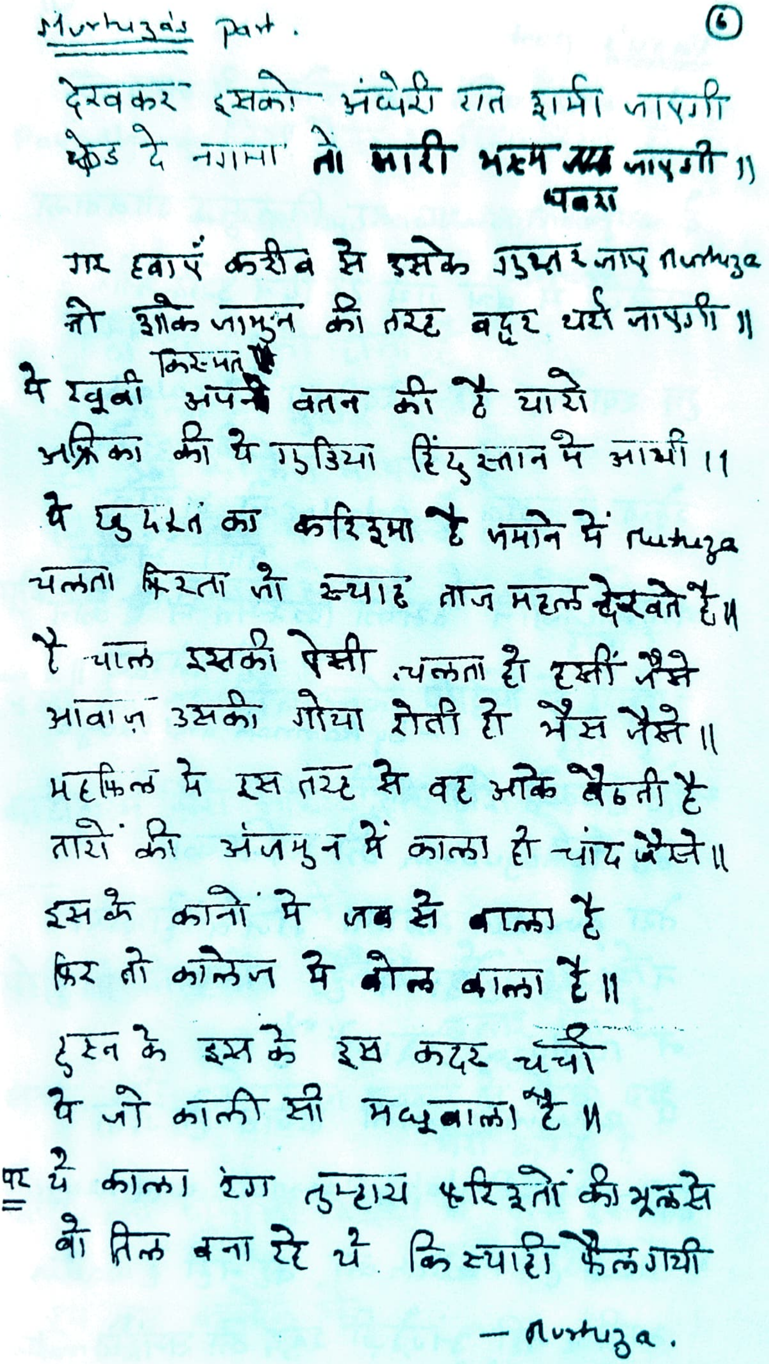
3) आज audience में बैठे है होके बदनाम कोई

यही function था last year गाये वह गुमनाम है कोई

बात करे तो ऐसा लगता रिश्तेदार है अंग्रेज़ कोई

रंग देखे तो ऐसा लगता African है उनका भाई ||

- by Pratap

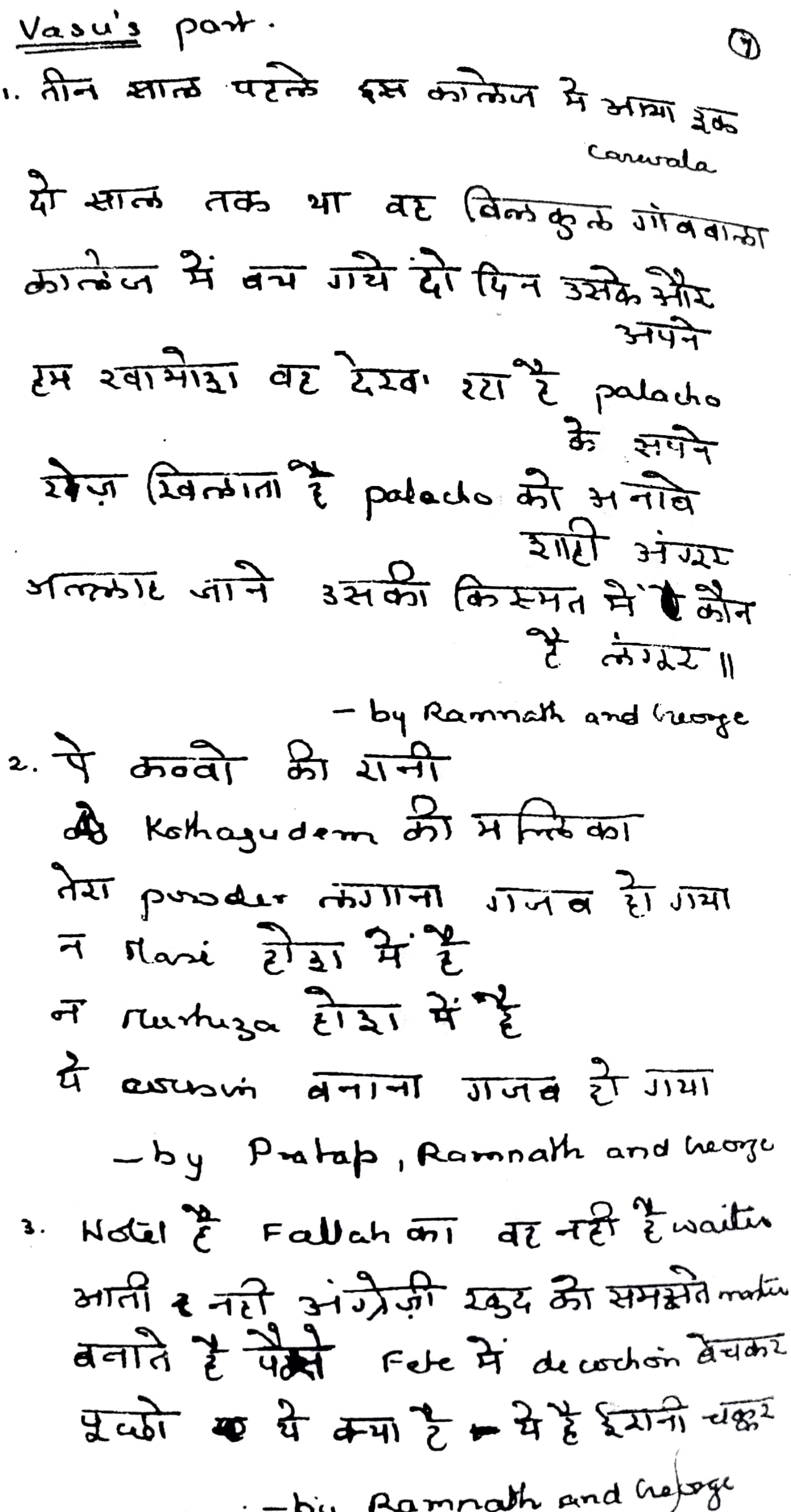


Murtuza's Part. ⑥

देखकर इसको अंधेरी रात शर्मा जायगी
छेड दे नगमा तो सारी भस्म ~~[illegible]~~ जायगी ।।
घबरा

गर हवाएं करीब से इसके गुज़र जाए Murtuza
तो ओक जामुन की तरह बदूर धरी जायगी ॥
किस्मत
ये खूबी अपने वतन की है यारो
अफ्रिका की ये गुडिया हिंदुस्तान मे आयी ।।
ये कुदरत का करिश्मा है जमाने में Murtuza
चलता फिरता जो स्याह ताज महल देखते है ॥
है चाल इसकी ऐसी चलता हो हाथी जैसे
आवाज़ उसकी गोया रोती हो भैंस जैसे ॥
महफिल मे इस तरह से वह आके बैठती है
तारों की अंजमुन में काला हो चांद जैसे ॥
इसके कानो मे जब से बाला है
फिर तो कालेज मे बोल बाला है ॥
हुस्न के इसके इस कदर चर्चा
ये जो काली सी मधुबाला है ॥
पर ये काला रंग तुम्हारा फरिश्तों की भूल से
वो तिल बना रहे थे कि स्याही फैल गयी

— Murtuza.



Vasu's part.

⑦

1. तीन साल पहले इस कालेज में आया एक
Carwala
दो साल तक था वह बिल्कुल गाँववाला
कालेज में बच गये दो दिन उसके और
अपने
हम खामोखा वह देख रहा है palacho
के सपने
रोज़ खिलाता है palacho को अनोखे
शाही अंगूर
अल्लाह जाने उसकी किस्मत में कौन
है लंगूर ||

— by Ramnath and George

2. ऐ कव्वों की रानी
Kothagudem की मल्लिका
तेरा powder लगाना गजब हो गया
न Nasi होश में है
न Murtuza होश में है
ये assassin बनाना गजब हो गया

— by Pratap, Ramnath and George

3. Hotel है Fallah का वह नहीं है waiter
आती है नहीं अंग्रेज़ी खुद को समझते matur
बनाते हैं पैसे Fete में de cochon बेचकर
पूछो ये क्या है — ये है ईरानी चक्कर

— by Ramnath and George

Parody of जिस देश में गंगा बहती है

—sung by Ramnath, George and
Nusheza.

होठों पे गाली होती है
जहा दिल में बुराई होती है
हम उस कालेज में पढ़ते है
जिस कालेज में सब बच्चे लड़ते है
यूनियन जो हमारा होता है वो चमचों से भरा
होता है
पैसों की नहीं चिंता उनको पोट्टियों से गुज़रा
होता है
काटीन में फिरो और उद्धार करो इक यही जो
होती है

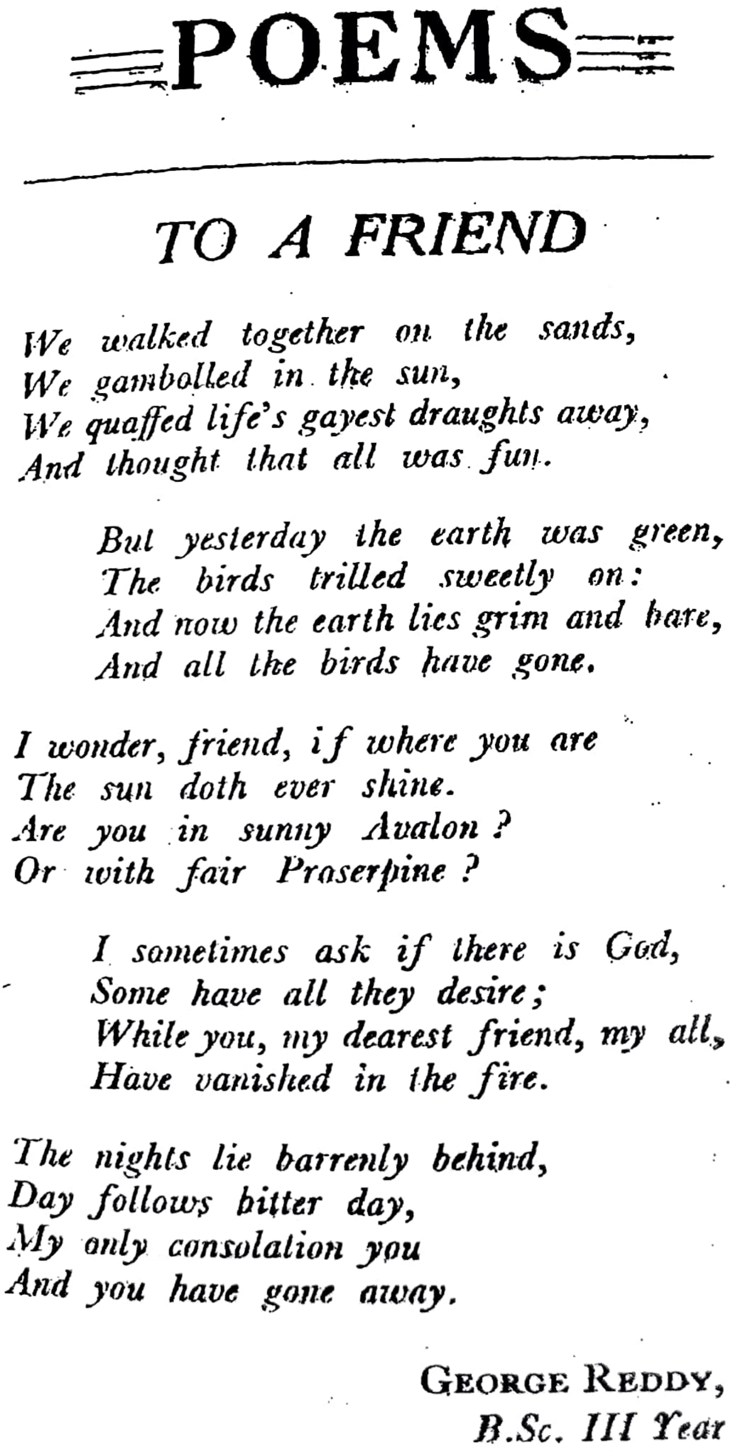
हम उस कालेज में . . .
पोट्टियाँ जो हमारे होते है वो लंगूर से
बत्तर होते है
सच्ची नहीं मोहब्बत उनका ये पैसों पर
मरा करते है
कमर को घुमाओ हट्टों में फिरो इक चीज़
यही जो होती है
हम उस कालेज मे . . .

(१)

कुछ प्रफेसर ज्यादा जानते है बच्चों को कम
पहचानते है
lechure की नहीं चिंता उनको ये सूटों मे कैटां
मारते है
अब हम तो क्या सारी दुनिया सारी दुनिया
से करती है
हम उस कालेज मे ....

composed by Pratap

Two poems by George, printed in a Nizam College magazine



POEMS

TO A FRIEND

We walked together on the sands,
We gambolled in the sun,
We quaffed life's gayest draughts away,
And thought that all was fun.

But yesterday the earth was green,
The birds trilled sweetly on:
And now the earth lies grim and bare,
And all the birds have gone.

I wonder, friend, if where you are
The sun doth ever shine.
Are you in sunny Avalon?
Or with fair Proserpine?

I sometimes ask if there is God,
Some have all they desire;
While you, my dearest friend, my all,
Have vanished in the fire.

The nights lie barrenly behind,
Day follows bitter day,
My only consolation you
And you have gone away.

GEORGE REDDY,
B.Sc. III Year

HERE SHE COMES

Here she comes walking slowly,
Her eyes are fixed upon the ground;
The picture of grace and modesty,
So say all those around.

Often rise those long, black lashes,
To reveal eyes so brown and clear;
In those depths I lose myself,
Find lost peace and love so near.

Her lips --those ripe red cherries,
Tell of love, a thousand tales,
I listen and repeatedly cherish,
Those tales of love that never fails.

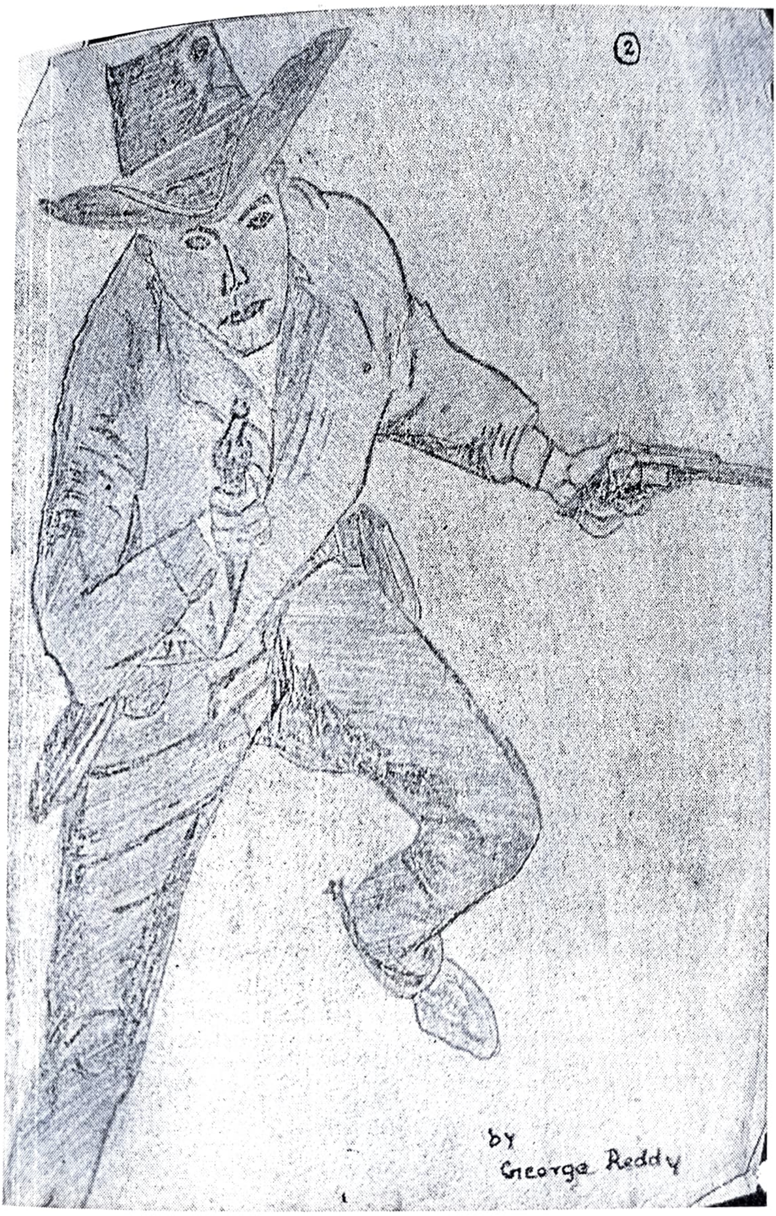
She is young---yet in her teens,
With adolescence's slenderness;
But womanhood has touched her frame,
To give a thousand promises.

Her beauty, her youth and grace,
Are all beloved to me;
But what I love about her best,
Is her true love and constancy.

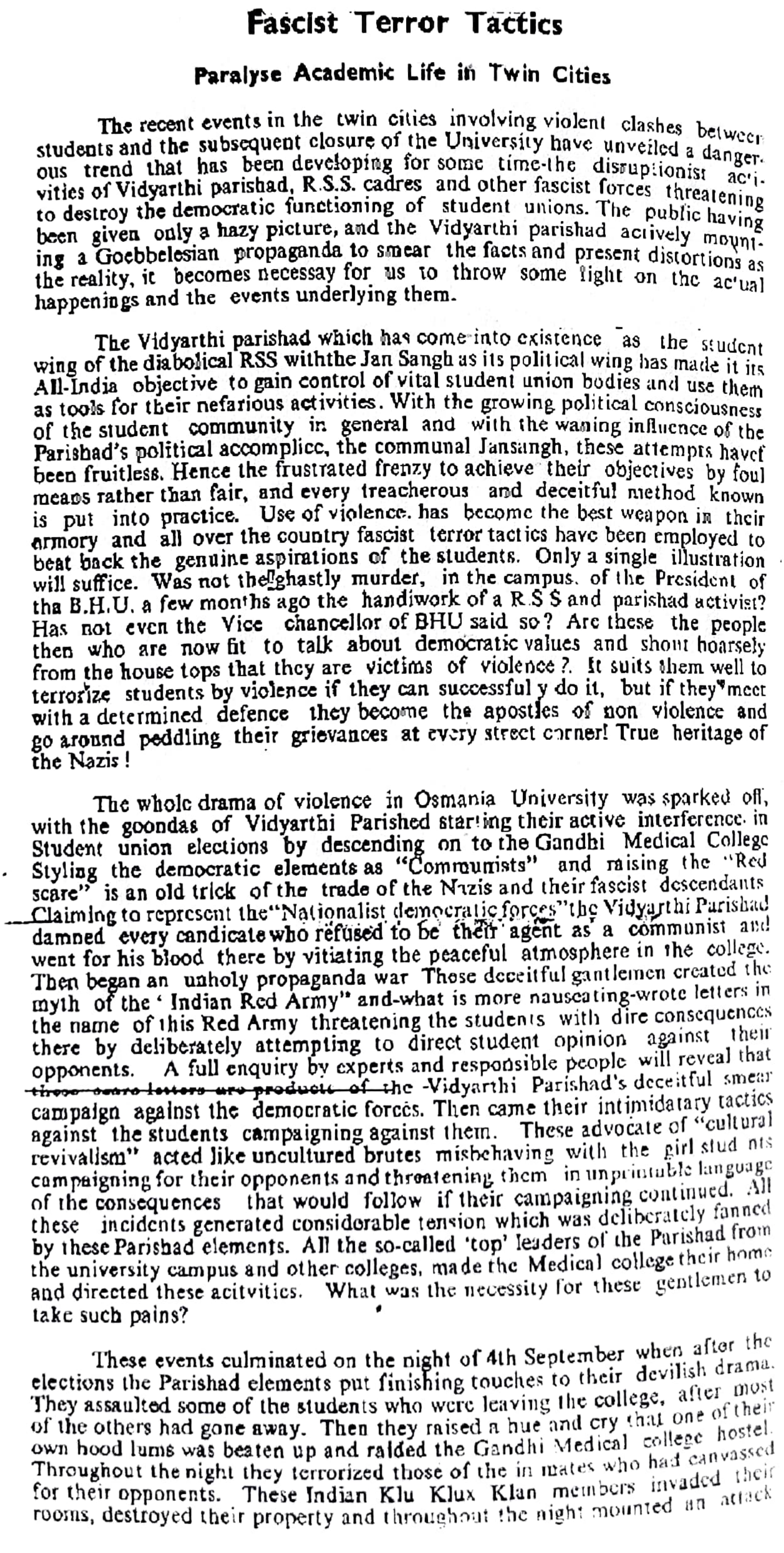
I picture her in years to come,
Just walking quietly by my side;
Her eyes turned upward meeting mine,
With love that nothing can ever hide.

George Reddy,
B.Sc., II.

Sketch by George


②
by
George Reddy

PDS pamphlet, September 1971



Fascist Terror Tactics

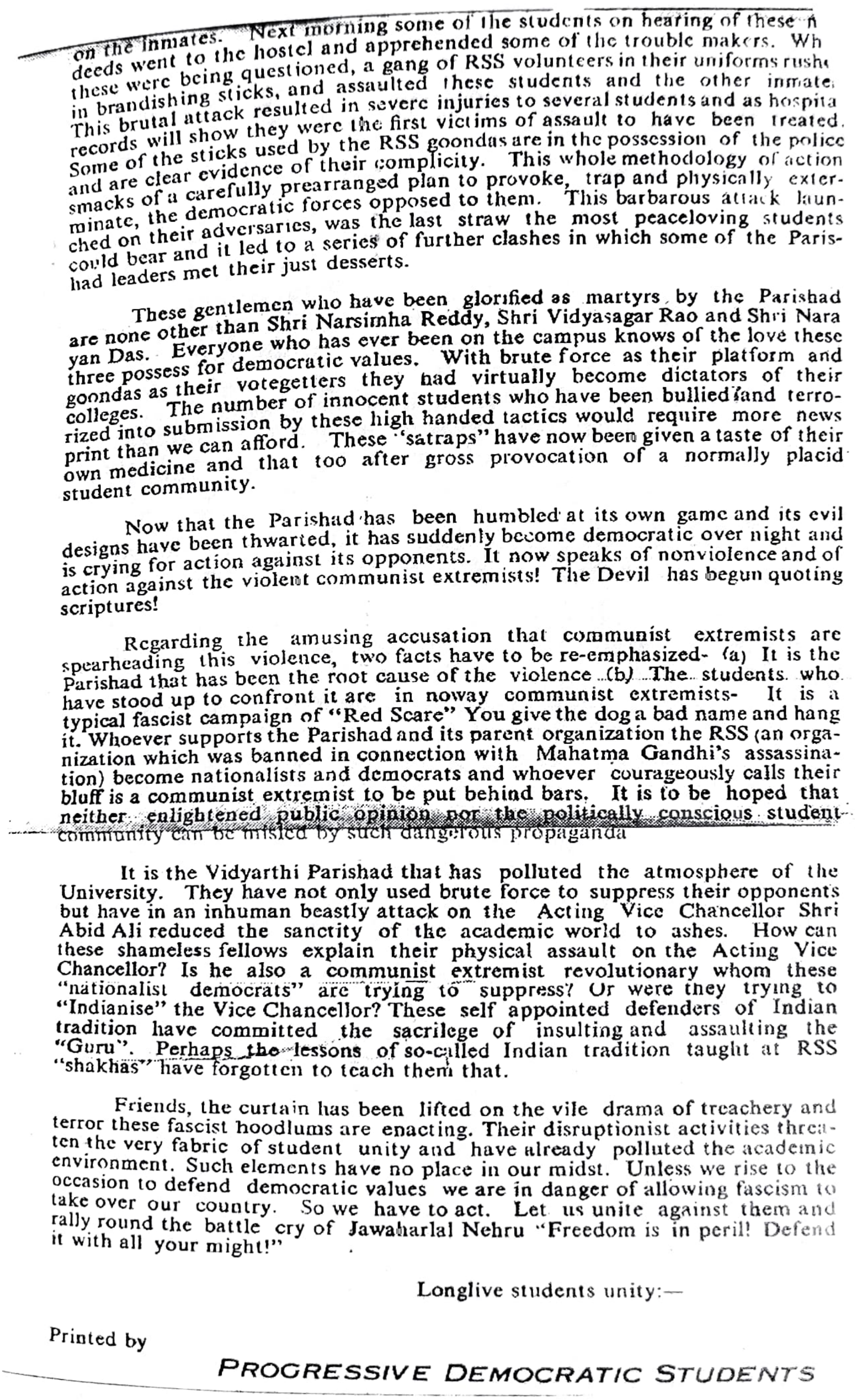
Paralyse Academic Life in Twin Cities

The recent events in the twin cities involving violent clashes between students and the subsequent closure of the University have unveiled a dangerous trend that has been developing for some time-the disruptionist activities of Vidyarthi parishad, R.S.S. cadres and other fascist forces threatening to destroy the democratic functioning of student unions. The public having been given only a hazy picture, and the Vidyarthi parishad actively mounting a Goebbelesian propaganda to smear the facts and present distortions as the reality, it becomes necessay for us to throw some light on the actual happenings and the events underlying them.

The Vidyarthi parishad which has come into existence as the student wing of the diabolical RSS withthe Jan Sangh as its political wing has made it its All-India objective to gain control of vital student union bodies and use them as tools for their nefarious activities. With the growing political consciousness of the student community in general and with the waning influence of the Parishad's political accomplice, the communal Jansangh, these attempts have been fruitless. Hence the frustrated frenzy to achieve their objectives by foul means rather than fair, and every treacherous and deceitful method known is put into practice. Use of violence. has become the best weapon in their armory and all over the country fascist terror tactics have been employed to beat back the genuine aspirations of the students. Only a single illustration will suffice. Was not the ghastly murder, in the campus. of the President of tha B.H.U. a few months ago the handiwork of a R.S S and parishad activist? Has not even the Vice chancellor of BHU said so? Are these the people then who are now fit to talk about democratic values and shout hoarsely from the house tops that they are victims of violence?. It suits them well to terrorize students by violence if they can successfully do it, but if they meet with a determined defence they become the apostles of non violence and go around peddling their grievances at every street corner! True heritage of the Nazis!

The whole drama of violence in Osmania University was sparked off, with the goondas of Vidyarthi Parished starting their active interference in Student union elections by descending on to the Gandhi Medical College Styling the democratic elements as "Communists" and raising the "Red scare" is an old trick of the trade of the Nazis and their fascist descendants Claiming to represent the "Nationalist democratic forces" the Vidyarthi Parishad damned every candidate who refused to be their agent as a communist and went for his blood there by vitiating the peaceful atmosphere in the college. Then began an unholy propaganda war These deceitful gantlemen created the myth of the 'Indian Red Army" and-what is more nauseating-wrote letters in the name of this Red Army threatening the students with dire consequences there by deliberately attempting to direct student opinion against their opponents. A full enquiry by experts and responsible people will reveal that ~~these scare letters are products of~~ the -Vidyarthi Parishad's deceitful smear campaign against the democratic forces. Then came their intimidatary tactics against the students campaigning against them. These advocate of "cultural revivalism" acted like uncultured brutes misbehaving with the girl students campaigning for their opponents and threatening them in unprintable language of the consequences that would follow if their campaigning continued. All these incidents generated considerable tension which was deliberately fanned by these Parishad elements. All the so-called 'top' leaders of the Parishad from the university campus and other colleges, made the Medical college their home and directed these acitvities. What was the necessity for these gentlemen to take such pains?

These events culminated on the night of 4th September when after the elections the Parishad elements put finishing touches to their devilish drama. They assaulted some of the students who were leaving the college, after most of the others had gone away. Then they raised a hue and cry that one of their own hood lums was beaten up and raided the Gandhi Medical college hostel. Throughout the night they terrorized those of the in mates who had canvassed for their opponents. These Indian Klu Klux Klan members invaded their rooms, destroyed their property and throughout the night mounted an attack



on the inmates. Next morning some of the students on hearing of these n deeds went to the hostel and apprehended some of the trouble makers. Wh these were being questioned, a gang of RSS volunteers in their uniforms rushe in brandishing sticks, and assaulted these students and the other inmate This brutal attack resulted in severe injuries to several students and as hospita records will show they were the first victims of assault to have been treated. Some of the sticks used by the RSS goondas are in the possession of the police and are clear evidence of their complicity. This whole methodology of action smacks of a carefully prearranged plan to provoke, trap and physically exterminate, the democratic forces opposed to them. This barbarous attack launched on their adversaries, was the last straw the most peaceloving students could bear and it led to a series of further clashes in which some of the Parishad leaders met their just desserts.

These gentlemen who have been glorified as martyrs, by the Parishad are none other than Shri Narsimha Reddy, Shri Vidyasagar Rao and Shri Narayan Das. Everyone who has ever been on the campus knows of the love these three possess for democratic values. With brute force as their platform and goondas as their votegetters they had virtually become dictators of their colleges. The number of innocent students who have been bullied and terrorized into submission by these high handed tactics would require more news print than we can afford. These "satraps" have now been given a taste of their own medicine and that too after gross provocation of a normally placid student community.

Now that the Parishad has been humbled at its own game and its evil designs have been thwarted, it has suddenly become democratic over night and is crying for action against its opponents. It now speaks of nonviolence and of action against the violent communist extremists! The Devil has begun quoting scriptures!

Regarding the amusing accusation that communist extremists are spearheading this violence, two facts have to be re-emphasized- (a) It is the Parishad that has been the root cause of the violence (b) The students who have stood up to confront it are in noway communist extremists- It is a typical fascist campaign of "Red Scare" You give the dog a bad name and hang it. Whoever supports the Parishad and its parent organization the RSS (an organization which was banned in connection with Mahatma Gandhi's assassination) become nationalists and democrats and whoever courageously calls their bluff is a communist extremist to be put behind bars. It is to be hoped that neither enlightened public opinion nor the politically conscious student community can be misled by such dangerous propaganda

It is the Vidyarthi Parishad that has polluted the atmosphere of the University. They have not only used brute force to suppress their opponents but have in an inhuman beastly attack on the Acting Vice Chancellor Shri Abid Ali reduced the sanctity of the academic world to ashes. How can these shameless fellows explain their physical assault on the Acting Vice Chancellor? Is he also a communist extremist revolutionary whom these "nationalist democrats" are trying to suppress? Or were they trying to "Indianise" the Vice Chancellor? These self appointed defenders of Indian tradition have committed the sacrilege of insulting and assaulting the "Guru". Perhaps the lessons of so-called Indian tradition taught at RSS "shakhas" have forgotten to teach them that.

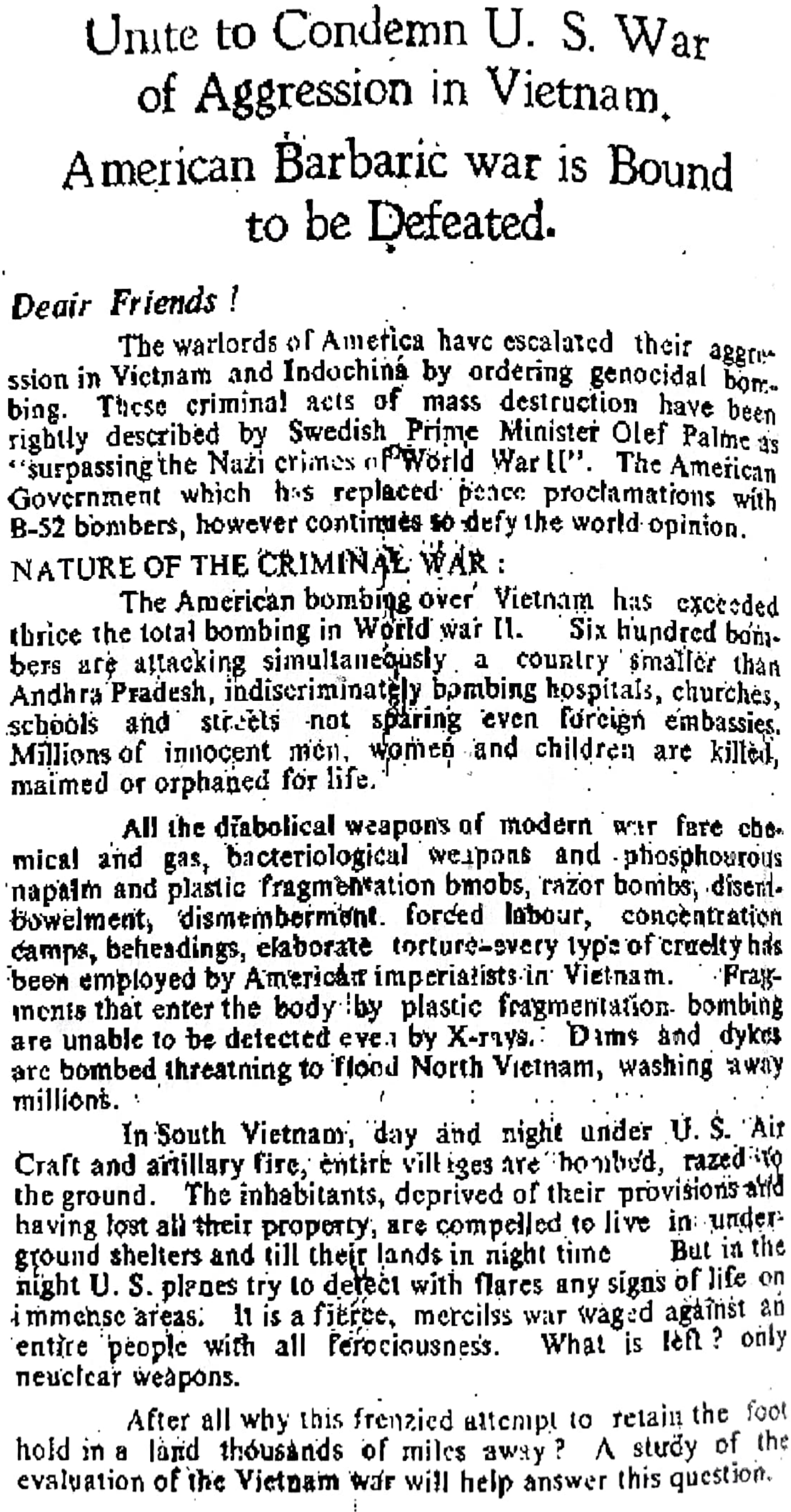
Friends, the curtain has been lifted on the vile drama of treachery and terror these fascist hoodlums are enacting. Their disruptionist activities threaten the very fabric of student unity and have already polluted the academic environment. Such elements have no place in our midst. Unless we rise to the occasion to defend democratic values we are in danger of allowing fascism to take over our country. So we have to act. Let us unite against them and rally round the battle cry of Jawaharlal Nehru "Freedom is in peril! Defend it with all your might!"

Longlive students unity:—

Printed by

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRATIC STUDENTS

PDS pamphlet



Unite to Condemn U. S. War of Aggression in Vietnam.

American Barbaric war is Bound to be Defeated.

Deair Friends !

The warlords of America have escalated their aggression in Vietnam and Indochina by ordering genocidal bombing. These criminal acts of mass destruction have been rightly described by Swedish Prime Minister Olef Palme as "surpassing the Nazi crimes of World War II". The American Government which has replaced peace proclamations with B-52 bombers, however continues to defy the world opinion.

NATURE OF THE CRIMINAL WAR :

The American bombing over Vietnam has exceeded thrice the total bombing in World war II. Six hundred bombers are attacking simultaneously a country smaller than Andhra Pradesh, indiscriminately bombing hospitals, churches, schools and streets not sparing even foreign embassies. Millions of innocent men, women and children are killed, maimed or orphaned for life.

All the diabolical weapons of modern war fare chemical and gas, bacteriological weapons and phosphourous napalm and plastic fragmentation bmobs, razor bombs, disembowelment, dismemberment. forced labour, concentration camps, beheadings, elaborate torture–every type of cruelty has been employed by American imperialists in Vietnam. Fragments that enter the body by plastic fragmentation bombing are unable to be detected even by X-rays. Dams and dykes are bombed threatning to flood North Vietnam, washing away millions.

In South Vietnam, day and night under U. S. Air Craft and artillary fire, entire villages are bombed, razed to the ground. The inhabitants, deprived of their provisions and having lost all their property, are compelled to live in underground shelters and till their lands in night time But in the night U. S. planes try to detect with flares any signs of life on immense areas. It is a fierce, mercilss war waged against an entire people with all ferociousness. What is left ? only neuclear weapons.

After all why this frenzied attempt to retain the foot hold in a land thousands of miles away ? A study of the evaluation of the Vietnam war will help answer this question.

2

HISTORY OF THE ANTI-COLONIAL WAR IN VIETNAM

The French colonialists dominated Indo-china prior to the American entry. The French control of the economy of Indo-china helped them to strengthen their own economy at the expense of the colonies. Just as the British exploited the natural resources and labour power of Indians and amassed wealth by their complete control of our industries and markets, the French too looted the people of Indochina. The anti colonial liberation struggle of these oppressed people rose to smash the colonial occupation. As the French fought a loosing war. **Americas entered to support them contributing 75% of the France's War Effort.**

Finally under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh, National Liberation Front forces of Vietnam gave a crushing defeat to the French in 1954 and the Geneva agreement was signed. According to the Geneva agreement, all foreign powers were to withdraw from Vietnam and the country was to be reunified in a period of two years. But the disappointed American masters of French refused to sign the agreement. Even President Eisen Hower conceded that if elections were held in Vietnam, Ho Chi Minh and his patriotic followers would have swept the elections by which American impercalist economic ambitions would have been shattered. So America intervened physically in the name of saving the South Vietnam from the liberated North Vietnam which was temporarilly divided at the time of Geneva accord. A series of dictatorships and Military Juntas were set up in south. These short lived puppet governments fell every few weeks but the American masters continued the farce. As the liberation struggle of the South Vietnamese people intensified the Americans who modestly started by contributing "Military Advisers" had to frantically threw in their own troops and their own Airforce. Gradually America launched a full scale war on its own and without even declaring formal war on North Vietnam, commenced its monsterous bombing raids.

THE PEACE ACCORD - AMERICAN TREACHERY

After spreading the war to whole of Indochina, involving even Combodia in this insane war, America attempted next to project a pious image pretending to be a peaceful negotiator. So the Paris peace talks began, but any meaningful search for peace was sobotaged.

Nixon underlined his call for peace by mining the ports of North Vietnam. In an equally peaceful mood, he announced a blockade of these ports. However as the time of his reelection approached nearer, Mr. Nixon conveniently

3

proclaimed that peace was at hand. An agreement was reached on October 20, 1972 between North Vietnam representative and American President's special representative Dr. Henry Kissinger. But Nixon refused to sign the agreement after getting elected into office and came out in true colors ordering a mericilessbombing of North Vietnam.

People of the world including American intellectuals, students and common masses rose against this brutal acts. But Nixon defied all this by declaring that he is fighting in Indochina only for the release of American prisioners of war. The question is how did Americans become prisioners of War? After all they did not go to Vietnam as tourists on a picnic and locked up there. Even then North Vietnam has promised that all the prisioners of war will be released if American forces withdraw. Then for whose release he has to send more bombers. If he sends more bombers the number of prisioners of war will increase. So, this is the kind of perverted logic with which American Imperialists are trying to fool the world.

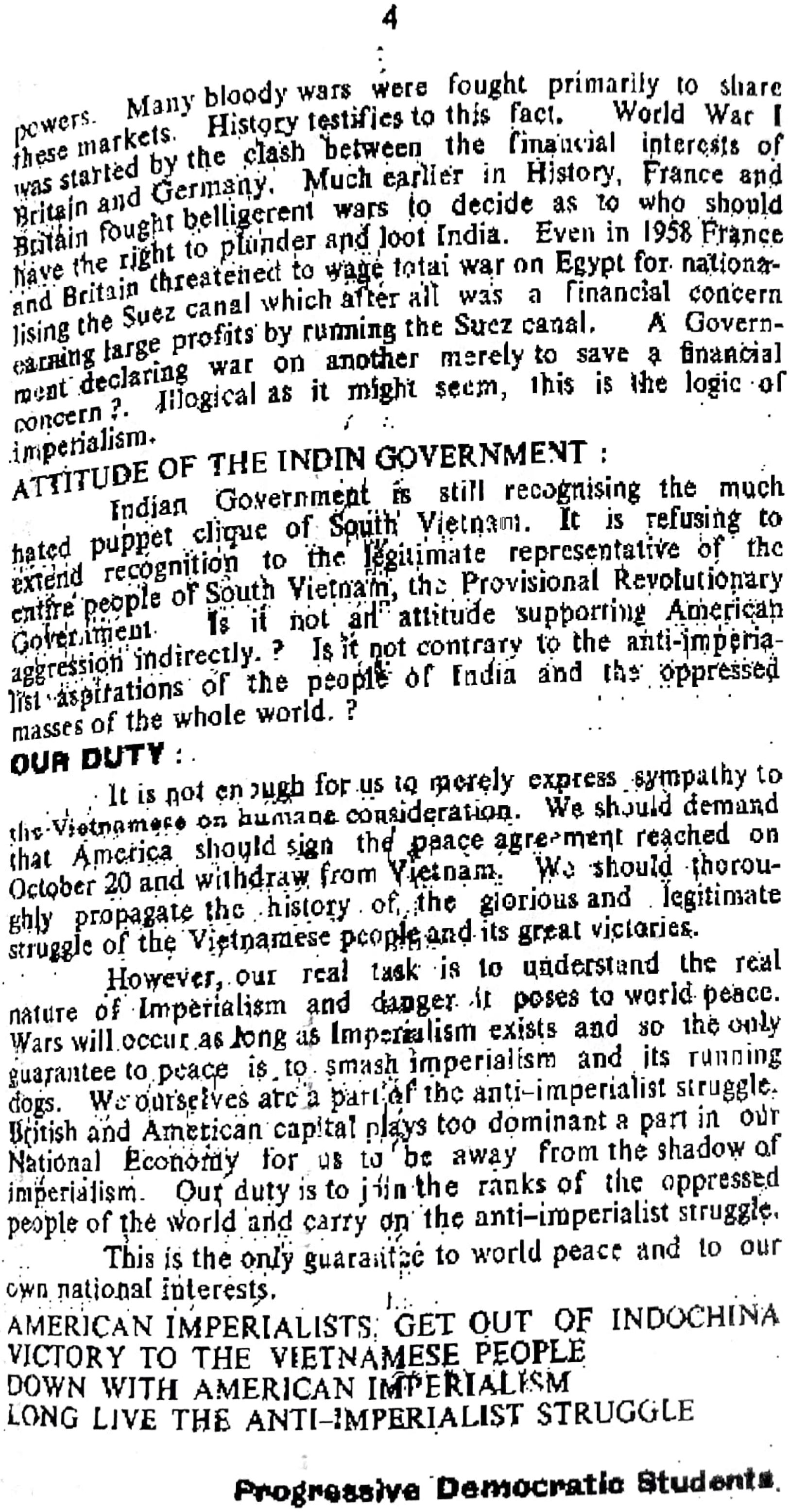
MEN CHANGED BUT WAR CONTINUED :

Mr. Nixon is supposed to be presiding over America. Mr. Nixon also was supposed to have promised peace both in 1968 and 1972 before his election. The generous sprinkling of both Republican and Democratic presidents before Mr. Nixon also have failed to keep up such promises. Men have changed but the Vietnam war goes on. As soon as the Korean War ended, Vietnam became the testing ground for U.S. Weapons. West Asia and other trouble spots of the world also receive generous quantities of American arms.

Whoever comes to power in the U.S.A., the Vietnam War continues because it is not individuals or parties which hold the power there, but their invisible masters, the Military Industrial complex which profits from the war. American Government interferes in world politics only to help the Giant Monopoly concerns which rule America to gain control of World economy. U.S. foreign policy and Military alignments are shaped only to suit the interests of these financial concern.

WHAT ARE WARS DUE TO ?

Capitalism came into existence with the advent of industrial revolution. For its continued existence and development capitalism captured political power in nations like U.S.A Britain, Germany, Japan, France etc., Many under developed countries looked attractive markets for these



powers. Many bloody wars were fought primarily to share these markets. History testifies to this fact. World War I was started by the clash between the financial interests of Britain and Germany. Much earlier in History, France and Britain fought belligerent wars to decide as to who should have the right to plunder and loot India. Even in 1958 France and Britain threatened to wage total war on Egypt for nationalising the Suez canal which after all was a financial concern earning large profits by running the Suez canal. A Government declaring war on another merely to save a financial concern ?. Illogical as it might seem, this is the logic of imperialism.

ATTITUDE OF THE INDIN GOVERNMENT :

Indian Government is still recognising the much hated puppet clique of South Vietnam. It is refusing to extend recognition to the legitimate representative of the entire people of South Vietnam, the Provisional Revolutionary Government. Is it not an attitude supporting American aggression indirectly. ? Is it not contrary to the anti-imperialist aspirations of the people of India and the oppressed masses of the whole world. ?

OUR DUTY :

It is not enough for us to merely express sympathy to the Vietnamese on humane consideration. We should demand that America should sign the peace agreement reached on October 20 and withdraw from Vietnam. We should thoroughly propagate the history of the glorious and legitimate struggle of the Vietnamese people and its great victories.

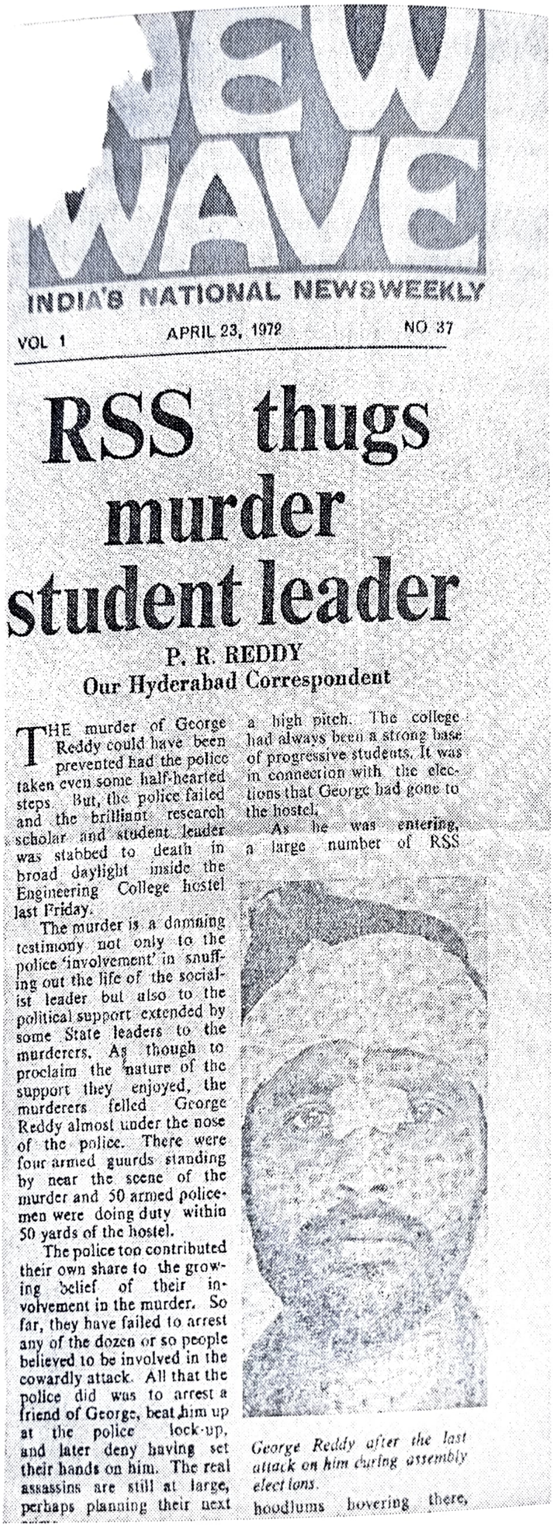
However, our real task is to understand the real nature of Imperialism and danger it poses to world peace. Wars will occur as long as Imperialism exists and so the only guarantee to peace is to smash imperialism and its running dogs. We ourselves are a part of the anti-imperialist struggle. British and American capital plays too dominant a part in our National Economy for us to be away from the shadow of imperialism. Our duty is to join the ranks of the oppressed people of the world and carry on the anti-imperialist struggle.

This is the only guarantee to world peace and to our own national interests.

AMERICAN IMPERIALISTS: GET OUT OF INDOCHINA
VICTORY TO THE VIETNAMESE PEOPLE
DOWN WITH AMERICAN IMPERIALISM
LONG LIVE THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST STRUGGLE

Progressive Democratic Students.

New Wave reporting George's murder



EW WAVE
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VOL 1 APRIL 23, 1972 NO 37

RSS thugs murder student leader

P. R. REDDY
Our Hyderabad Correspondent

THE murder of George Reddy could have been prevented had the police taken even some half-hearted steps. But, the police failed and the brilliant research scholar and student leader was stabbed to death in broad daylight inside the Engineering College hostel last Friday.

The murder is a damning testimony not only to the police 'involvement' in snuffing out the life of the socialist leader but also to the political support extended by some State leaders to the murderers. As though to proclaim the nature of the support they enjoyed, the murderers felled George Reddy almost under the nose of the police. There were four armed guurds standing by near the scene of the murder and 50 armed policemen were doing duty within 50 yards of the hostel.

The police too contributed their own share to the growing belief of their involvement in the murder. So far, they have failed to arrest any of the dozen or so people believed to be involved in the cowardly attack. All that the police did was to arrest a friend of George, beat him up at the police lock-up, and later deny having set their hands on him. The real assassins are still at large, perhaps planning their next

a high pitch. The college had always been a strong base of progressive students. It was in connection with the elections that George had gone to the hostel.

As he was entering, a large number of RSS

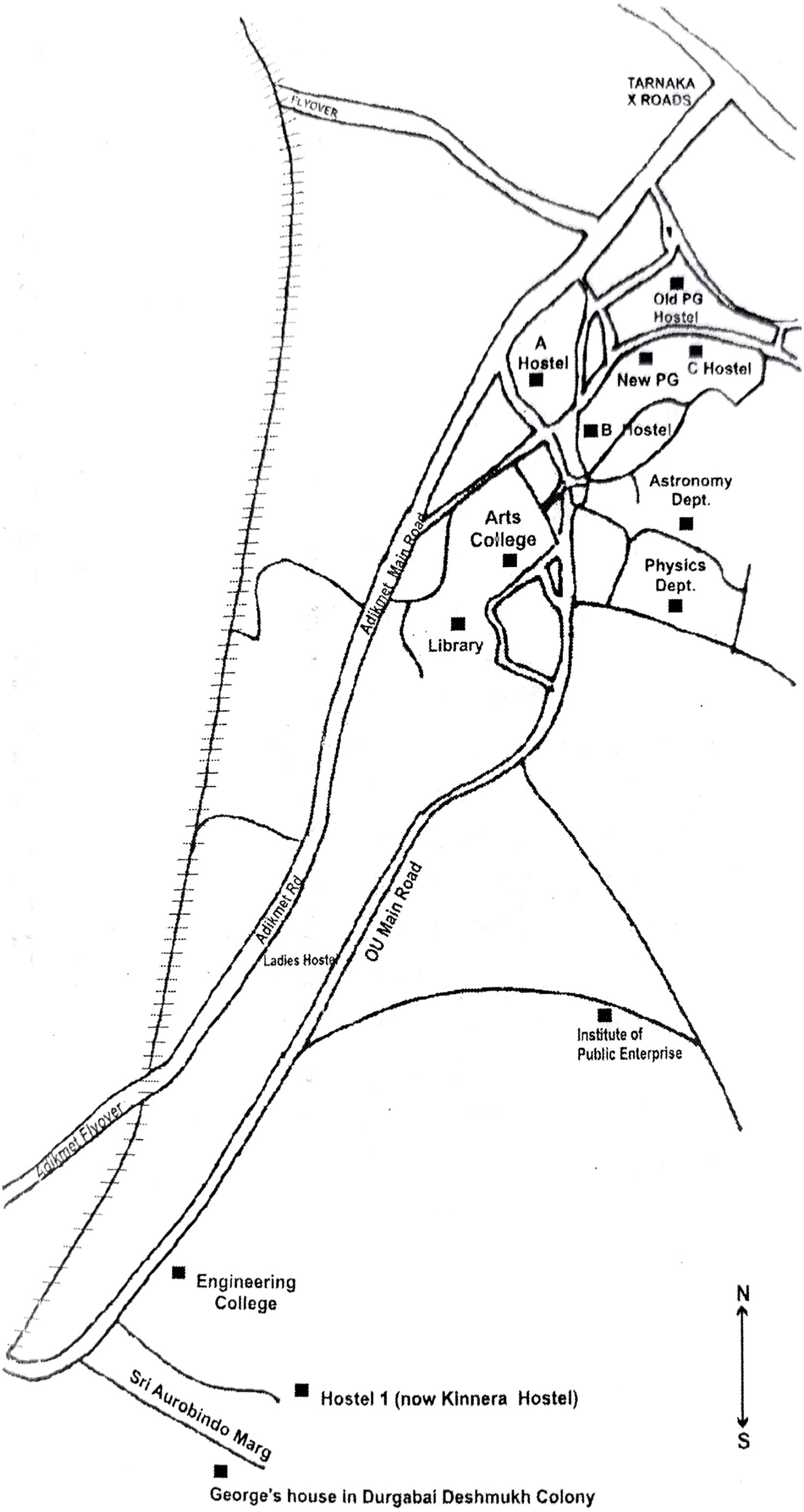
George Reddy after the last attack on him during assembly elections.

hoodlums hovering there,

On the mortuary slab

Funeral procession

Osmania University Campus


TARNAKA
X ROADS
FLYOVER
Old PG
Hostel
A
Hostel
New PG
C Hostel
B Hostel
Astronomy
Dept.
Arts
College
Physics
Dept.
Adikmet Main Road
Library
Adikmet Rd
Ladies Hostel
OU Main Road
Institute of
Public Enterprise
Adikmet Flyover
Engineering
College
N
S
Sri Aurobindo Marg
Hostel 1 (now Kinnera Hostel)
George's house in Durgabai Deshmukh Colony

INTERVIEWS

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3. Kura Rajendar alias Rajaiah, January 5, 15-16, 2012
4. Shravan,January 15, 2012
5. V. Keshav Iyer, January 17, 2012
6. Karl Reddy, contributed and interview, January 20-22, 2012
7. Challa Mohan Reddy, January 21, 2012
8. Dr Pratap Pothuluri, January 22, 2012 (telephone)
9. Prabhakar Rao, January 23, 2012
10. Cyril Reddy, January 24, 2012, also contributed
11. Raji Reddy, telephone, February 3, 2012
12. Bharadwaj, February 3, 2012
13. Devender Misra, February 3, 2012
14. Dr B. Pratap Reddy, February 4, 2012
15. S. Indrasain Reddy, Congress leader, February 4, 2012
16. Mala Pasha, February 6, 2012
17. Ramnath, 8 February, 2012
18. Asvini, telephone conversations, February 12 and 22, 2012 and subsequent emails
19. PK Murthy, contributed February 15, 2012
20. Damodar Dev, February 21, 2012
21. B.Pradeep Kumar, contributed, 21 February, 2012, followed by interview February 22, 2012
22. Shanta Sinha, 21 February, 2012
23. Vijay Kulkarni, telephone, February 28, 2012
24. K.Manohar, February 29, 2012
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26. March 8, 2012, Rajari
27. March 8, 2012, Ramchander
28. Srinath Reddy, contributed article, March 9, 2012
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30. Venkatramani, series of emails, March 9, 10 and April 1, 2012
31. Joy Reddy, contributed March 13, 2012
32. Sridharmurthy, March 21, 2012
33. T. Prabhakar Rao, March 25, 2012
34. S.G. Padma Rao, March 26, 2012
35. CK Narayan Reddy, March 30, 2012
36. Prof. R.Raghava Rao, telephone, May 1, 2012
37. Chalapathi Rao, May 11, 2012
38. Narayan Raju, May 11, 2012
39. Rahman Shareef, June 10, 2012
40. Appa Rao Katikineni, email June 16 and 19, 2012
41. Sailoo, telephone interview, June 20, 2012
42. Mazhar Ali Khan, June 22, 2012
43. P.Seshagiri Rao, August 21, 2012
44. Keshav Rao Jadhav, August 3, 7, 10, 2012
45. Sridharmurthy, Umashankar Reddy, Appa Rao, August 7, 2012
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Those who helped the book come about

The number of people who have helped write this book is long. Many gave interviews, some wrote what they remembered, his close family, Karl, Joy and Cyril Reddy, for whom it was most painful to dredge memories and write what they recalled, did so without flinching.

Vijay Kulkarni, Srinath Reddy, Srikrishna, Sridharmurthy, Shravan,Shanta Sinha, Ramnath, Venkatramani, Rajari, Ramchander, Dr B. Pratap Reddy, Dr Pratap Pothuluri, Prabhakar Rao, PK Murthy, Challa Mohan Reddy, K.Manohar, Mala Pasha, Javeed Mirza, Devender Misra, A.R.Datta, Damodar Dev, Bharadwaj, Asvini, Kura Rajendar alias Rajaiah, P.Seshagiri Rao, Y.B.Satyanarayana, B.Pradeep Kumar, Prof. R.Raghava Rao, Chalapathi Rao, Narayan Raju,Keshav, S.G. Padma Rao, Rahman Shareef, Mazhar Ali Khan, Appa Rao Katikineni, Sailoo, Indrasain Reddy, Keshav Rao Jadhav, T. Prabhakar Rao, Raji Reddy, Umashankar Reddy, Appa Rao,Ashok Bhatnagar, the late Marri Arjun Patel and CK Narayan Reddy gave time for interviews and patiently answered questions and supplemented information. Ravinder Reddy cleaned the old photographs so that a clearer George emerged.

I thank Katyayini, Vimala, Y. Padma, Sudha Murali, Sashi Kumar, Chalapathi Rao, and Asvini who had the patience to read the various drafts and help it to come to some shape.

Gita Ramaswamy

George Reddy died very young – he was barely twenty-five years old. Only three years of his short life were in the public gaze. And yet, he inspired entire generations of students and young people. From where did it come - the dedication, the clarity of purpose, the commitment to struggle against odds, the courage to turn back on a promising career and tread a difficult path? What significance does it hold for the students and youth of today? This, a short biography of George attempts to address these questions.

Our society has become rotten. And this rottenness has spread into every facet of our lives including into our universities. Today, we have no other course left to us open now. We have raised our voices in protest. Our protest has remained unheard. We have marched in processions. Our processions have been broken up by police. We have erupted in violence. And our violence has been met with a greater violence. Today what is left to us but to organize ourselves and meet violence with violence?

George Reddy

(Speaking in the documentary, Crisis on the Campus, 1971, Fali Billimoria)

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